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Editor's Corner

This issue begins an experiment by which a Baltimore firm, Publishing Concepts, Inc., composes (or typesets) the magazine and then sends it to our friends at the Sheridan Press for printing and binding. We look forward to increased flexibility without sacrifice of quality, and we invite your reaction to the new pages.

Cover design: Frontispiece to the August entry of William Oliver Stevens, *Ye Annapolis Almanac* (1913), "When the Navy Becomes Democratic." The mislabeling of this cartoon as "U.S.N.A. Hop" by the Annapolis *Evening Capital* evoked an indignant response from officers stationed at the Naval Academy. (Photograph courtesy Special Collections, Nimitz Library, U. S. Naval Academy.)

Enlightened Entertainment: Educational Amusements in Nineteenth-Century Baltimore

PATRICIA C. CLICK

Speaking at Chautauqua in 1880, President James A. Garfield noted that civilization was divided into two chapters: first came the "fight to get leisure," followed by the "fight of civilization—what shall we do with our leisure when we get it?"[1] Concerns about the proper uses of leisure gained special urgency in nineteenth-century America due to the consequences of the industrial revolution, especially the increasing distinction between work time and leisure time. In particular, Americans struggled throughout the century to define the purpose and value of amusement activities.

During the early part of the century, citizens of the upper South did not, in fact, often use the word *amusement*. When they did, it was usually preceded by the qualifier "innocent," or the activity referred to was justified on educational grounds. People generally agreed that the primary purposes of amusement were restoration (refreshment) and edification. As the nineteenth century progressed, however, the word *amusement* underwent a dramatic shift in connotation.[2]

The emphasis on amusement as education prevailed during the early years of the century, but, in the antebellum period, the definition of education broadened to include things that were entertainment—popular science, for example—and the public became increasingly receptive to pure entertainment. A study of such educational amusements as exhibitions, museums, and lectures in nineteenth-century Baltimore illustrates these developments.

During the first third of the century, an educational program was usually morally uplifting. Exhibitions based on ancient history or biblical themes

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drew praise for their beauty, but they were valued primarily for the lessons they inspired. Thus, in a description in the Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser* in June 1817 of an exhibition of Italian art that depicted scenes from ancient history, the author commended the artistry but emphasized the moral. He suggested that the study of ancient themes had become "a necessary part of the education of the youth of both sexes."[3]

Accordingly, advertisements stressed the biblical or historical subjects of the wax exhibits, paintings, and panoramas that they touted. Exhibition promoters urged fathers to bring their families to view inspirational people or events. Children were admitted for half price, and special matinee showings were provided for children and women. A panorama of the Battle of North Point, featuring 230 square feet of canvas, drew large crowds in Baltimore in 1815. The Battle of Waterloo and the Battle of Moscow were also popular subjects. Advertisements for the latter indicated that two front benches were reserved for children.[4] Crowds marveled at models and paintings of Jerusalem and depictions of Christ's life. In 1829 a painting of the destruction of Sodom exhibited at Peale's Museum in Baltimore was billed as "family viewing." When inclement weather prevented a number of people from seeing this work, several men who wanted "to have an opportunity of bringing their families" convinced the proprietor to leave it for ten more days, or so his advertisement said.[5]

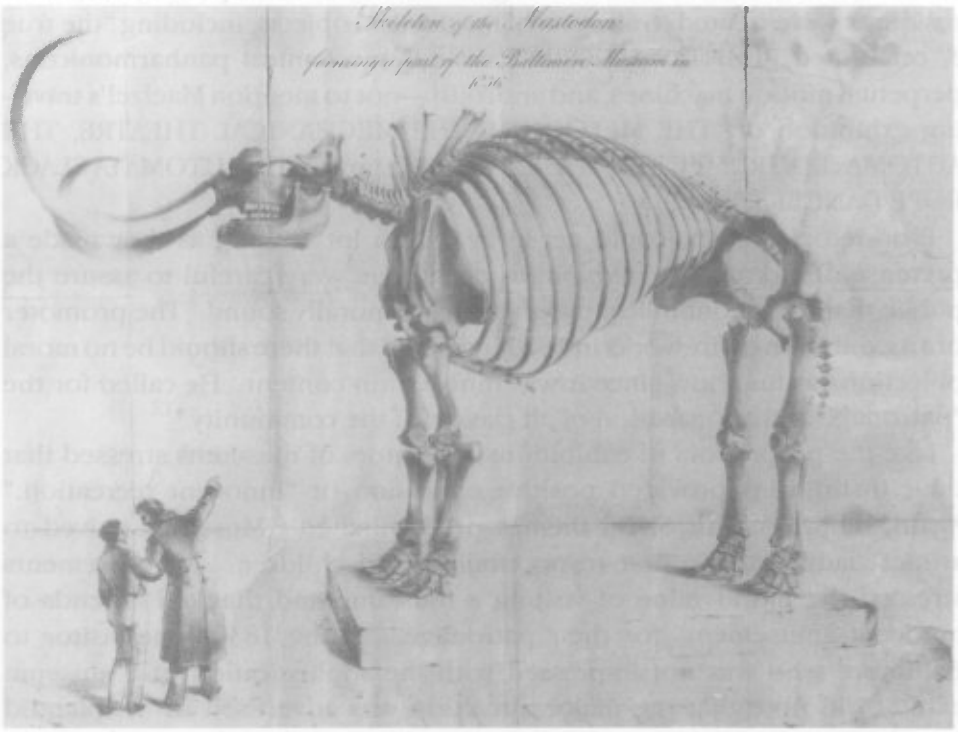
Even when exhibition subjects were more contemporary, they usually taught a lesson. In Baltimore in October 1815, Mr. Mallet's Academy advertised a wax figure resembling a "FEMALE NEGRO well known to the public in the streets of this city, and remarkable for her respectful salutations of those she meets."[6] No doubt the person depicted was a slave frequently seen in the city market whose positive outlook seemed to justify the "peculiar institution" of slavery. Children could learn more from an afternoon spent viewing such figures than a dozen lectures on their society's values could teach them.

Panoramas of important towns of the United States promoted industry and the work ethic. Often these exhibitions featured mechanical parts that depicted work. In 1825, for example, a panorama at Baltimore's Central Hall showed a "Commercial and Manufacturing City, with the inhabitants at their various employments, the whole set in motion by machinery." These exhibits often approached life size; an advertisement for a panorama at Mr. Mallet's Assembly Room in Baltimore in 1813 indicated that the display was thirty feet by eighteen feet by fifteen feet.[7]

The most morally uplifting exhibits glorified the natural world and underscored the benevolence of God. The interest in animals and plants reflected the growing interest in the natural sciences, as opposed to the physical sciences. These shows appealed to their patrons' curiosity about

natural life. During the early years of the century, Baltimore residents turned out to view live Bengal tigers, Arabian camels, American elks, and African apes, leopards, and lions, as well as llamas, orangutans, long-tailed marmosets, dancing pigs, dancing turkeys, elephants, anteaters, and all sorts of snakes.[8]

Peale's Museum in Baltimore was established in 1813 to display a mastodon skeleton that Charles Willson Peale had unearthed in rural New York and that his son Rembrandt Peale had exhibited in England. In 1823, a major drawing card at Peale's Museum was the "Gruesome Exhibition" of the head of a New Zealand chief "who was conquered and embalmed . . . and preserved by the victorious party." In 1827, a large Baltimore crowd paid to see a section of a tree that had measured eighteen feet in circumference. Peale's also staged exhibitions of popular touring oddities, such as P. T. Barnum's Fejee Mermaid, an ugly, dried-up object, approximately three feet long, consisting of the head and hands of a monkey attached to the body of a fish.[9]



Lithograph by Alfred J. Miller that served as the frontispiece for *A Brief Description of the Skeleton of the Giant Mastodon...* (Baltimore: Joseph Robinson, 1836). (Prints and Photographs, Library, Maryland Historical Society.)

In line with the interest in the natural world and the bounty of nature, crowds acclaimed performers who had unusual physical or mental talents. The public admired ventriloquists, mimics, and magicians for their "astonishing powers" of voice or movement and praised statuary displays—presentations featuring gymnasts who mimicked statues. American crowds responded to the simplest feats with expressions of awe and amazement, according to British traveler Henry Fearon. Visiting Washington in 1818, he noted: "In this city I also witnessed the exhibitions of SEMA SAMA, the Indian juggler, from London. My chief attention was directed to the audience; their disbelief of the possibility of performing the numerous feats advertised, and their inconceivable surprise at witnessing the actual achievement, appeared extreme—approaching almost to childish wonder and astonishment."[10]

Audiences were similarly awestruck by the various mechanical and scientific exhibitions that were popular during the early years of the century. Proprietors realized that people were interested in how things worked—in the scientific laws that governed nature—and therefore made outrageous claims about their machines. Throughout the antebellum period, Baltimore residents were treated to all sorts of mechanical objects, including "the true & celebrated PHANTASMAGORIA," various mechanical panharmonicons, perpetual motion machines, and androids—not to mention Maelzel's traveling exhibition of "THE MELODIUM, THE MECHANICAL THEATRE, THE AUTOMATED TRUMPETER, THE CAROUSEL, [and] THE AUTOMATA SLACK ROPE DANCERS."[11]

Proprietors, in fact, could get away with a lot so long as they made a pretense of moralizing. Exhibition promoters were careful to assure the public that their nonbiblical programs were morally sound. The promoter of an exhibition of fireworks in 1829 indicated that there should be no moral objections to his show since it was innocent in content. He called for the "patronage and approbation of all classes of the community."[12]

Like the proprietors of exhibitions, operators of museums stressed that their institutions provided positive education or "innocent recreation." Again, biblical or historical themes predominated. Museums strived to attract "ladies of the first respectability" and children. Advertisements stressed the moral value of visiting a museum, and thanked "friends of innocent amusement" for their patronage. In the 1830s one visitor to Baltimore who was not impressed with the sophistication of a museum exhibit did note that the major attraction was advertised as "a splendid moral picture of Adam and Eve." He observed that the museum was primarily an attraction for children.[13]

NOVELTY UNPARALLELED!

THE

GIGANTIC GIRAFFE

OR,

CAMELOPARD,

THE

GENSBOCK, OR THE IBEX OF THE EGYPTIANS.

THE

ELAND, THE LARGEST OF THE ANTELOPE TRIBE,

ALSO, THE

BONTIBOK, THE MOST AGILE OF THE GAZELLE SPECIES.

NEITHER OF WHICH WERE EVER BEFORE BROUGHT TO THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA, AND BUT RARELY SEEN IN ANY PART OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

TO BE EXHIBITED

In the Theatre, corner of North and Saratoga Streets,

BALTIMORE.

OPENS TUESDAY, OCT. 30, AND CONTINUES UNTIL NOV. 3, 1838

For Five days, and Positively no Longer.

ADMITTANCE 25 CTS—CHILDREN UNDER TEN HALF PRICE.

THE GIRAFFE, OR CAMELOPARD.

This stupendous, majestic, and beautiful animal, which is exquisitely depicted in the above masterly engraving, by Mr. Adams of New York, is acknowledged to be the greatest wonder of the animal kingdom. It is not only the tallest of all known creatures, but the rarest and most singular character. It has been the great desideratum of naturalists in all ages, and but few specimens have been seen for the last thousand years. It was known to the Persians about two thousand years ago, having been brought as a present to Dydaspes, father of Darius I., several centuries before the Christian Era, by Abyssinians, who brought it from the interior of Africa, where alone it has ever been found.

After this we hear no more of it until it was exhibited to the [illegible] by Julius Cæsar. From that period, until within a few years, its existence has been deemed fabulous, and the wonderful descriptions of it by Pliny, Strabo, and others, though in no-wise exceeding the truth, tended to confirm the idea that it was a creation of poetic fiction; nor was this impression entirely removed from the minds of scientific naturalists until about ten years ago, when two living specimens were presented to the kings of England and France, by the late Dey of Algiers. The specimen now exhibited to the American people, is one of the two brought to this country by Macomber, Welch & Co., who have been employing expeditions into the heart of Central Africa for five years past, and at an immense expense to obtain them.

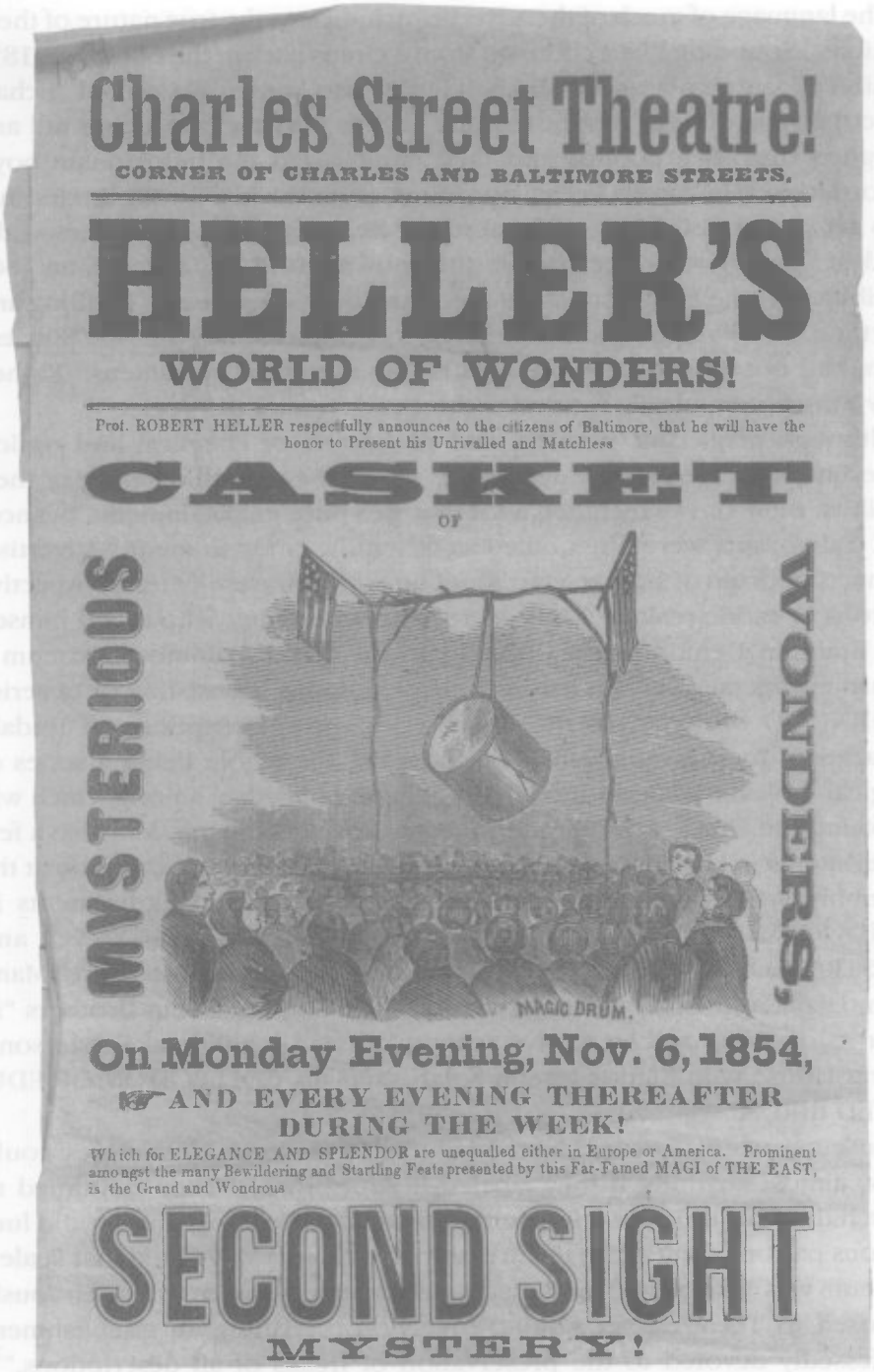
A page from a leaflet advertising the 1838 Baltimore viewing of the first live giraffe exhibited in the United States. (Courtesy of The Peale/The Baltimore City Life Museums.)

During the 1830s and 1840s the content of most exhibitions shifted, and the definition of education broadened. Moral themes gave way to more secular ones, while popular science, especially flamboyant experiments, replaced natural science. The exhibition began to serve as an entertainment center that showcased so-called curiosities and freaks. Exhibitions ranged from the ridiculous to the perverse. One of the sillier exhibits was the "industrial fleas" program, which was presented in Baltimore in 1830. One woman who had seen this exhibition recalled that the owner "had spent twenty years of his life learning to harness two fleas, or four, to tiny buggies or carriages *perfectly* made, of tissue paper, and also to dress his fleas in garments of the same." She noted that all of her friends went to see "this ridiculous curiosity."[14]

Exhibition promoters collected people from exotic countries and turned them into celebrities. One Chinese woman, Afong Moy, made several tours of southern cities as a display piece in the 1830s and 1840s. Besides her nationality, Afong Moy's other drawing card was her tiny feet, which did not go unnoticed in the press. A Baltimore writer noted that her shoes were the size of a one-year-old infant's and attributed this to the fact that she had "worn iron shoes for the first ten years of her life, according to the custom of the country."[15] After seeing Afong Moy at the Baltimore Museum, one young girl indicated that she was more favorably impressed than she thought she would be, especially since she "had heard so much of her [Afong Moy's] feet being disgusting."[16]

The really disgusting exhibits, however, were those that exploited people and animals as "LIVING CURIOSITIES." Such was the double cow that had "3 hips, 2 tails, 5 perfect legs, and 6 feet" and was billed as "THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD" when it was exhibited in Baltimore in 1831.[17] Ostensibly, the cow was of interest to natural scientists, but it more likely attracted interest of a baser nature. An advertisement for an 1841 showing of Lewis the Virginia Dwarf at the Wheat Field Inn suggested the dual nature of many exhibitions: "To the Naturalist the dwarf Lewis presents himself as a remarkable subject for Philosophic observation—to the curious he furnishes readily an object of singularly rare attention."[18]

Popular midgets such as General Tom Thumb, Commodore Foote, Colonel Small, the Fairy of the West, Commodore Nutt, and Miss Minnie Warren, as well as the various so-called bearded ladies, giants, and giantesses attracted throngs of curious gawkers because they were regarded as oddities. Certainly the Siamese twins, Chang and Eng Bunker, merited scientific interest, but most people who came to gaze at them were instead curious about their private lives, especially how they had managed to father twenty-two children. Some could have viewed Tom Thumb as the sort of oddity that showed Nature's bounty, as Neil Harris suggests, but many were fascinated because to them Thumb was a freak.[19]



An 1854 broadside advertising "Heller's World of Wonders!" at the Charles Street Theater, Baltimore. An exhibition that appears to have been more entertaining than educational. (Prints and Photographs, Library, Maryland Historical Society.)

The language of much of the advertising indicates the true nature of these exhibits. Sounding like a come-on from a circus barker, the bill for an 1851 exhibit of fourteen-year-old Mitchell Jarco (also known as Colonel Michael Barco) at Carroll Hall first noted that he was twenty-eight inches tall and weighed thirty-five pounds and then emphasized the unfortunate boy's deformities: "He has no knees, nor joints, from the hips to the ankles: has two sets, or double rows, of front teeth, &c.: displaying in his person the wildest freak of nature perhaps in the known world."[20] Likewise, an 1869 exhibition at the Baltimore Museum of Anatomy showcased "Thrilling and Startling Wonders, Curiosities and Freaks of Nature." In 1869, the Siamese twins did not even receive nominal billing as natural specimens. Rather, they were automatically lumped with other "curiosities."[21]

Although magicians, wizards, and promoters of chemical and optical experiments made exaggerated claims about the scientific nature of their exhibits, their shows included a lot that was pure entertainment. Seances and clairvoyants were often billed as "scientific entertainment." Advertisements concocted of strange words and unusual phrases invited prospective patrons to exotic realms. Thus, in 1843 an entertainer who called himself the Brahmin Demonologist offered patrons of the Baltimore Museum a return engagement of "his astonishing exhibitions" consisting of "a series of HINDOO *miracles*, of the Pagan Priesthood, Deceptions of Budah, Miracles of Joss, Incantations of El Jareseid, the whole being a series of Magical Tableaux as performed in the Temple of Jawdah, among which will be found the Oracular Money, the Sacred Taper of Rahama, &c. Also a few experiments in HINDOO degeology." Similarly, in 1845 an exhibition at the Assembly Rooms featured "splendid new illusions and Experiments in HINDOO MIRACLES, ASIATIC JUGGLERY, DEMONOLOGY, &c" and "GASTRAOLOGY OF THE PAGANS, illustrating the speaking statues of Mammon, Diana and Isis." Shortly after the Civil War, the Lubin Brothers "in their Astonishing and Deceptive Seances" shared a billing at Sanderson's Opera House with Signor Joseph Solari "and his COLLECTION OF EDUCATED BIRDS."[22]

Museum proprietors had learned earlier in the century that they could show almost anything if they labeled it educational. They continued to stretch the definition to include unusual and bizarre things that would lure curious patrons. Baltimore theatre historian Alonzo May noted that Peale's Museum was "patronized by Ministers and others who were conscientiously opposed to Theatres, yet saw no objection to visiting an establishment confessedly devoted to the preservation of freaks of all descriptions."[23] Peale, who skillfully drummed up support by occasionally donating an evening's proceeds to the poor, often introduced attractions that were supposedly of special interest to his Baltimore audience. British visitor Joseph Pickering noted that Peale had proudly told him "how he had duped

the natives by an introduction of a tune into his organ, called the Berkshire Fencibles, as a new tune, by the name of the Baltimore Volunteers, which gave him a great run."[24]

The lecture similarly evolved from an educational to an entertaining medium. Early nineteenth-century lectures usually featured a serious speaker discussing historical, political, or religious topics. By the 1840s and 1850s the popular lecturer was more than likely an accomplished showman who often involved members of the audience in his act. Yet, since the program was supposedly a lecture of sorts, those who thought it sinful to use leisure solely for enjoyment could attend with eased consciences. The term "illustrated lecture" with its positive connotations was sometimes a euphemism for productions of questionable content. Beginning in the late 1840s, celebrities became major attractions on the lecture circuit. Again, there was educational justification—the speakers were usually prominent authors, scientists, or ministers—but it is hard to escape the conclusion that often the crowds wanted more to see the person than hear the talk. Such was probably the case with William Makepeace Thackeray, who gave a series of lectures in Baltimore in 1853 and attracted large audiences.[25]

The evolution of the lecture did not go unnoticed by critics. Writing in *Scribner's Monthly* in February 1872, J. G. Holland castigated the change in the lecture: "There was a time, when a lecture was a lecture. The men who appeared before the lyceums were men who had something to say. . . . Now, a lecture may be any string of nonsense that any literary montebank can find an opportunity to utter. Artemus Ward 'lectured': and he was right royally paid for acting the literary buffoon. He has had many imitators, and the damage that he and they have inflicted upon the institution of the lyceum is incalculable."[26]

The shift in topics presented by the mechanics' institute in Baltimore vividly illustrates the evolution of the lecture. The Maryland Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts began in 1829; in addition to maintaining a library, the institute offered talks that provided practical instruction to workers and their families. Following a fire in 1835, the Maryland Institute reorganized in 1847 and sponsored lectures, annual exhibitions, a library, and a school of design and applied chemistry. The 1851-1852 course opened with an address by the Honorable J. R. Chandler on "The Position, Duties, and Responsibilities of the Mechanic." One commentator noted that the result in Baltimore and elsewhere was "the elevation of mechanical art."[27]

By the late 1850s, however, lectures for the practical education and self-improvement of mechanics had been superseded by more general and

often more entertaining presentations. In part, of course, this was due to the changing composition of the audience. The institute was attempting to attract more people who were not mechanics, particularly women. Its 1857-1858 course opened with a fairly abstract and philosophical lecture entitled "Slowness as a Law of Progress." In 1865 Dr. B. Brown Williams was packing the Maryland Institute with "his curious and marvelous experiment of making men DRUNK ON COLD WATER, Together with *five hundred* other astonishing and amusing mysteries of modern times."[28]

The growing significance of the entertainment aspect of amusements is also evident in such relatives of the museum and exhibition as the American circus. The circus originally offered fellowship and education. Families went to see exotic animals, horsemanship, and gymnastic performances. As the century progressed, however, the emphasis changed from diversion and instruction to dazzlement. Managers of so-called freak exhibits and pseudoscientific machinations took advantage of the public's interest in nature and scientific laws. Language couched in semi-technological or biological terms attracted attention, but the exhibits, especially when organized in grand circus style, bedazzled the audiences.[29]

Another relative of the exhibition, the agricultural fair, underwent a comparable evolution. Originally featuring cattle and displays of crops and machinery, the fairs drew rural folks to town and were instructional in nature.[30] By the mid-fifties, however, the fairs had changed. Competitive events became important drawing cards for both exhibitors and spectators. President Millard Fillmore, for example, visited the Baltimore Agricultural Fair in 1853 to view a plowing match. Fairs began to feature balloon ascensions, military and fire company parades, and jousting tournaments. There was something for everyone, even those with no interest in agriculture. Women were encouraged to attend "to give animation and beauty to the occasion."[31]

Parallels may be made in other areas as well. Real or implied connections with European artists and European high culture made musical entertainments very respectable. Astute promoters like P. T. Barnum took advantage of this respectability, however, by catering to the public taste and presenting popular artists. Barnum's Jenny Lind bridged the gap between culture and pure entertainment. She presented the image of a pious and moral young woman; even her nickname, the Swedish Nightingale, suggested sweetness. Lind's command performance for Queen Victoria and her generosity to charities further enhanced her reputation.[32] Barnum took pains to secure and maintain Lind's positive image. One Baltimore resident noted that the skillful promoter invited Baltimore children to a special Lind concert in December 1850—a gesture calculated to attract popular approval: "The 'Queen of Song' was managed by the 'King of Advertisers,' and it entered his wise head that a good way to win a golden opinion in Baltimore was to

invite all the high school—or was it all the public school children?—to a free treat."[33] Barnum's promotional efforts were successful. One Baltimore man told a friend that she really should go hear Jenny Lind "to listen to the Efforts of one so distinguished."[34]

Neil Harris suggests that the public responded to Lind because "the dangerous passions that art could arouse were absent, subdued by the singer's noble soul and perfect technique."[35] Barnum himself noted that Lind's actual talent was virtually unknown before her American tour, suggesting that people initially turned out to see rather than hear her. She appealed to all classes. Lind's personal life justified the entertainment she offered. As people became more comfortable with pure entertainment, however, it became less necessary for promoters to justify their artists to the extent that Barnum did.[36]

According to Fritz Redlich, a study of western leisure uncovers a shift from control by the church to control by business. Redlich outlines two stages in the shift: first came secularization, followed by commercialization. Growing urban populations created greater demand for "passive leisure" or spectator entertainments; this demand encouraged the involvement of business to provide funds, services, and equipment.[37] For the most part, an analysis of amusements in Baltimore confirms this pattern. During the early years of the century, the clergy were very influential, as the emphasis on religious and moral themes suggests. By mid-century, however, they were losing control, in part because a more secular world view was evolving in the urban areas.

It would, however, be inaccurate to say that commercialization was totally a product of secularization in Baltimore, for many of the early educational amusements that featured moral themes were commercial ventures. In fact, the evidence suggests that to be successful, the amusement entrepreneur had to gauge the public temper. Commercial amusements during the early part of the nineteenth century were often not secular; if the public wanted moral themes, it got them. P. T. Barnum stressed that the secret of his success was his ability to discover and understand what his patrons wanted. Thus, he boasted that he had "abolished all vulgarity and profanity from the stage" and that "parents and children could attend" his shows and "not be shocked or offended by anything they might see or hear." As a result, religious publications often reviewed his shows.[38] As the century progressed, promoters became more skilled at providing moral justifications for new offerings. They were often aided by a press that tended to crown new attractions with overblown puffs. Thus, while secularization did

not always precede commercialization, commercialization reinforced the movement toward the secular.

The trend was apparent in other amusement forms, particularly the theater, and some contemporaries voiced concern about the movement away from themes that taught moral lessons. Writing in 1872, John P. Kennedy noted: "The age is too fast for old illusions, and the theatre now deals in respectable swindlers, burglars, and improper young ladies as more consonant with the public favor than our old devils, ghosts and assassins, which were always shown in their true colors, and were sure to be severely punished when they persecuted innocence."[39] Originally justified as educational, the exhibition, museum, and lecture offered particularly vivid examples of the evolution toward pure entertainment. There was an obvious movement from a stress on education, in the moral and then in the scientific sense, to mixed education and entertainment, and finally to an eventual emphasis on entertainment itself. At the same time, the overlap should not be discounted, for it indicates the extent to which the acceptance of amusements as entertainment was ongoing during the nineteenth century. Amusements always offered a mixture of education and entertainment, but in varying proportions.

NOTES

1. Quoted in Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, *The Story of Chautauqua* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1921), p. 184.

2. See Thomas Charlton Henry, *An Inquiry into the Consistency of Popular Amusements with a Profession of Christianity* (Charleston, S. C.: Wm. Riley, 1825), p. 104; Rev. J. T. Crane, *Popular Amusements* (Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden, 1869), p. 32; Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 1 January 1831 and 15 March 1813; Frederic W. Sawyer, *A Plea for Amusements* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1847), p. 16; and James Leonard Corning, *The Christian Law of Amusement* (Buffalo: Phinney & Co., 1859), pp. 9-10.

3. Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 2 June 1817. Richard D. Altick has written an interesting and thorough study of British exhibitions. See *The Shows of London* (Cambridge, Mass.: Belknap Press, 1978).

4. For advertisements, see Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 1 July 1815, 1 April 1819, 1 October 1827, 2 September 1833, 1 March 1851, and 15 November 1861.

5. Ibid., 15 April 1829. See also ibid., 1 February 1811.

6. Ibid., 2 October 1815. For a representative advertisement of waxworks, see ibid., 15 February 1813.

7. Ibid., 1 September 1825 and 1 August 1813.

8. Ibid., 15 February 1811; 1 March 1819; 1 March, 2 July, and 15 December 1821; 1 July 1823; and 15 July 1831; and Alonzo May, "Dramatic Encyclopedia" (1906), Alonzo May Papers, microfilm (8 reels), MS. 995, MdHS, reel 6, P21-1841.

9. Hamilton Owens, *Baltimore on the Chesapeake* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doran & Company, 1941), p. 216; Thomas Waters Griffith, *Annals of Baltimore* (Baltimore: W. Woody, 1824), p. 208; and Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 1 July 1823 and 1 January 1827.

10. Lucretia to Anne C. Coleman, 9 December 1831, Anne Caroline Coleman Papers, MS. 252, MdHS; and Henry Fearon, *Sketches of America* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown, 1818), p. 295.

11. See Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 1 January 1811, 15 March 1813, 15 May and 15 December 1821, and 15 April 1831.

12. Ibid., 1 October 1829.

13. Ibid., 15 February 1817, 1 April 1823, and 1 May 1835; Andrew Reed, *A Narrative of the Visit of the American Churches* (2 vols.; London: Jackson and Walford, 1835), 1:302.

14. "Mrs. Flora Byrne's Reminiscence of 1830," quoted in May, "Dramatic Encyclopedia," reel 2, B39-1830.

15. Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 16 March 1835.

16. Margarette to Mr. William M. Gibson, 26 March 1835, John Gibson Letters, Grundy-Gibson Papers, MS. 1294, MdHS.

17. Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 4 November 1831 and 1 July 1833.

18. Ibid., 15 February 1841.

19. Ibid., 15 September 1863 and 1 November 1867. See also Neil Harris, *Humbug: The Art of P. T. Barnum* (Boston: Little, Brown, 1973), p. 49, and Leslie Fiedler, *Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1978).

20. Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 1 and 4 July 1851.

21. Ibid., 15 April and 1 November 1869.

22. Ibid., 1 November 1843, 1 January 1845, and 1 October 1867.

23. May, "Dramatic Encyclopedia," reel 6, P1-1830.

24. Baltimore *American and Commercial Daily Advertiser*, 1 January 1845; and Joseph Pickering, *Inquiries of an Emigrant: The Narrative of an English Farmer from the Years 1824 to 1830* (London: E. Wilson, 1832), p. 44.

25. Elizabeth Seldon Maclurg Wickham to Littleton Waller Tazewell Wickham, 3 March 1853, Wickham Letters, Valentine Museum, Richmond, Va.

26. Quoted in Carl Bode, *The American Lyceum: Town Meeting of the Mind* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1956), p. 251.

27. Ibid., pp. 71, 149; John P. Kennedy, *Address Delivered Before the Maryland Institute for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts, on the Occasion of the Opening of the Fourth Annual Exhibition, on the 21st October, 1851, Being the First Exhibition in the New Hall of the Institute* (Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co., 1851), p.

28; and George W. Howard, *The Monumental City, Its Past History and Present Resources* (Baltimore: J. D. Ehlers & Co., 1873), pp. 41-42.

28. Bode, *The American Lyceum*, p. 149; and *Baltimore American and Commercial Advertiser*, 1 May 1857 and 1 April 1865. See also ibid., 1 April 1859 and 15 September 1863.

29. Harris (in *Humbug*, p. 291) discusses the differences between the museum and the circus in terms of instruction versus entertainment.

30. Robert I. Vexler, *Baltimore: A Chronological and Documentary History* (Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.: Oceana Publications, 1975), p. 34; and Baltimore *American and Commercial Advertiser*, 1 October 1869.

31. Reported in *Richmond Enquirer*, 1 November 1853. See also ibid., 18 September 1849.

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33. Jacob Frey, *Reminiscences of Baltimore* (Baltimore: Maryland Book Concern, 1893), pp. 81-82.

34. Austin Dall to Mary Brand, 25 February 1851, Mary Brand Dall Correspondence, Duke University.

35. Harris, *Humbug*, pp. 137-38.

36. Phineas Taylor Barnum, *Struggles and Triumphs: Or, Forty Years' Recollections of P. T. Barnum* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1930), pp. 193-94.

37. Fritz Redlich, "Leisure-Time Activities: A Historical, Sociological, and Economic Analysis," *Explorations in Entrepreneurial History* (2nd. ser.), 3 (Fall 1965): 3-24.

38. Barnum, *Struggles and Triumphs*, pp. 84, 473; and M. R. Werner, *Barnum* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1923), p. 319.

39. John P. Kennedy, *At Home and Abroad* (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons, 1872), p. 173.

Alphabetical (Dis-)Order: The Annapolis Satires of William Oliver Stevens

MICHAEL P. PARKER

The name of William Oliver Stevens still evokes a nod of recognition and a smile in Annapolis. Anyone with more than a passing interest in local history is sure to know him as the author of *Annapolis, Anne Arundel's Town*, first published in 1937 but still widely regarded as the best single book ever written on the Ancient City. The many naval officers who have retired to Annapolis invariably remember his *History of Seapower* (1920), coauthored by Allan Westcott, which remained a required text at the Naval Academy for thirty-five years. Few Annapolitans are aware, however, that during the two decades Stevens lived in the Ancient City, from 1903 to 1924, his reputation was built on works of a different kind. Between 1906 and 1913 he wrote and illustrated a series of satiric booklets that lampooned the city's legendary complacency and attempted to laugh its residents into the twentieth century.[1] In the process Stevens emerged as the city's leading man of letters, the jaunty Annapolis answer to Baltimore's "Bentztown Bard." By 1909 the Baltimore *Sun* had christened him "The Lewis Carroll of Annapolis."

Stevens's career as a satirist, however, was not all of a piece. His earliest productions, *An Annapolis Alphabet* (1906) and *Another Annapolis Alphabet* (1907), were largely genial, comic works as much concerned with establishing a sense of civic identity as with poking fun at the foibles of Annapolis personalities and institutions. *Ye Annapolis Almanac* of 1913 has a sharper, more polished satire that flung its fiercest barbs at the academy and the major reforms inaugurated by Josephus Daniels, Woodrow Wilson's talented but controversial secretary of the navy. A final work, "A Suffrage Oasis" (1916), was intended for a national rather than a local audience, but the bitter portrait it painted of Annapolis and the academy provided the denouement to Stevens's satiric career.

Stevens's artistic progress enfolded another, more personal search. The two *Alphabets* were in many respects a bid for acceptance, a young man's

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attempt to define his position in an adopted hometown. The success of that bid, perhaps, only whetted Stevens's yearning to figure on a wider stage. About 1910 a more mature Stevens emerged, one who had exchanged the role of satiric observer for those of Naval Academy spokesman and distinguished educator. From that point until his departure from Annapolis fifteen years later, Stevens devoted the major portion of his energies to groundbreaking scholarship on naval history and theory. *Ye Annapolis Almanac* attested to his new intellectual focus in its concentration on naval issues and its occasionally caustic impatience with the pettiness of daily life in "Crabtown." By the time "A Suffrage Oasis" was published, Stevens had clearly outgrown Annapolis, having come to view the city as a drag on his creativity rather than a spur. The article constituted a last word on the city—a word that Stevens would, as it proved, amend twenty years later, but one that was no less harsh in its apparent finality for that fact.

The satiric work of William Oliver Stevens furnishes unparalleled insights into the cultural politics of small-town Maryland during the decade before the First World War. In a period when the growing influence of metropolitan Baltimore threatened to overwhelm the distinctive Southern character of Annapolis, Stevens suggested ways in which the city could accommodate itself to the new while retaining the best of the old. His caricatures and articles represented a new definition of Annapolis—one that has worn pretty well in the three-quarters of a century since Stevens first pieced it out.

Stevens was born on 7 October 1878 in Rangoon, Burma, the son and grandson of American Baptist missionaries. Both sides of his family were indefatigably literary.[2] His paternal grandfather helped Adoniram Judson translate the Bible into Burmese; his maternal grandfather, the polymath Francis Mason, translated it into the language of the Karen people of the Burmese-Thai border. Will's father, Edward Oliver Stevens, wrote several books on the religious history of lower Burma, while his mother, Harriet Calista Mason, was one of the first graduates of the Lewisburg Seminary (now Bucknell University) and the author of an unpublished autobiography. In March 1887, at the age of eight, Will Stevens sailed to the United States with his parents on their decennial furlough. When the elder Stevenses returned to Burma eighteen months later, they left their son in the care of his older sister, Maria Stevens Phenix, so that he could pursue his education in American schools. Over the next seven years Stevens followed his sister and her husband, George Perley Phenix, to a succession of teaching posts throughout Connecticut and Massachusetts. During this time he first demonstrated a talent for drawing. A sketchbook dated December 1888

anticipated his Annapolis work in its combination of poems and illustrations.[3]

In 1895 Stevens entered Colby College in Waterville, Maine and four years later crowned a distinguished undergraduate career, in which he set college records in track and field sports and edited the college yearbook, by graduating Phi Beta Kappa. After teaching English for a year at his alma mater he attended graduate school at Yale University, where he took his Ph.D. in English in 1903. His dissertation, *The Cross in the Life and Literature of the Anglo-Saxons*, was published in the Yale Studies in English series the following year.

In the summer of 1903 Stevens made the choice that would decide the course of his life: he applied for the position of instructor of English at the

The Naval Academy English Department in the fall of 1906; Stevens is seated second from right. In the three years following Stevens's arrival the department almost entirely replaced its aging faculty with young civilians hired straight from graduate school. By the time this photograph was taken, Stevens had been promoted to full professor; only Arthur Newton Brown (seated center), the venerable Academy librarian, outranked him in seniority. (1907 Naval Academy *Lucky Bag*; photograph courtesy Special Collections, Nimitz Library, U. S. Naval Academy.)

U.S. Naval Academy and, after placing first on the competitive examination, was offered an appointment in September.

The Spanish-American War had ushered in a period of expansion for the navy and the academy. By the fall of 1903 enrollment boomed, and the first buildings of the grand Beaux Arts campus designed by Ernest Flagg began to rise beside the Severn. The English Department, which in this period also superintended the teaching of history, was in a demoralized state, undermanned and chained to an obsolete curriculum. It was in no condition to prepare midshipmen for the challenges of Theodore Roosevelt's new navy. Stevens represented the first of a generation of young civilian faculty hired to revitalize the department and lead it, albeit reluctantly, into the twentieth century.[4]

Other interests, however, captured Will's immediate attention and prevented him from reforming the department overnight. Soon after his arrival he met Claudia Wilson Miles, the orphaned daughter of a naval lieutenant who had died of yellow fever while on active duty in the Caribbean. Claudia and her younger brother, Alfred, had been reared by their maternal aunt and uncle, Commander and Mrs. Hugo Osterhaus. An 1870 graduate of the Naval Academy, Hugo Osterhaus was a well-liked and influential officer whose career was in the ascendant. Within the decade he was promoted to rear admiral and in 1911 was named commander-in-chief of the Atlantic Fleet, the highest command afloat. Young Alfred was soon to earn distinction as well, though of a different kind—a member of the academy class of 1907, he composed the words and melody of "Anchors Aweigh."[5] As arranged by Charles Zimmerman, the academy bandmaster, the piece was quickly adopted as the unofficial march of the U.S. Navy. After a whirlwind courtship, Will Stevens and Claudia Miles were engaged in February 1904 and married at St. Anne's Church on 1 June.[6] On their return from their honeymoon, the newlyweds set up housekeeping in the west wing of the Hammond-Harwood House on Maryland Avenue as tenants of the redoubtable Harwood sisters.

The Harwoods were partial to young English instructors, since their father, William Harwood, had taught at the Naval Academy in the decade before the Civil War. His career was cut short, however, by his ardent advocacy of secession in the spring of 1861, and the household remained a bastion of Southern sympathy well into the twentieth century.[7] William Harwood's daughters, Miss Lucy and Miss Hessie, never married; after the death of their parents the pair continued to inhabit the wilted elegance of their eighteenth-century mansion under conditions of increasingly harsh poverty. The two sisters eventually resorted to letting sections of their house. Stevens's position at the academy and his wife's Annapolis connections gained them an apartment in the Harwoods' kitchen wing.

The newlyweds endured the "colonial character" (i.e., no gas, no electricity, no telephone) of the Harwood House for a year before they moved to a new apartment in 167 King George Street. The period provided Stevens an invaluable exposure to the traditions of his new hometown and the patterns of thought that characterized its natives. It is hard not to see the Harwoods in Stevens's recollections of the city in the years immediately after his arrival:

> In 1900, Annapolis was still a sleepy, Southern town, not too spick-and-span around the curbs and backyards, and rather weak on paint and repairs. The streets were still cobbly, with very rough and edgy cobbles. As for modern improvements, in some parts of the town (as in Baltimore, too, for that matter) one might see a rivulet of dishwater coursing through a little channel in the sidewalk into the gutter. . . . The townspeople had two outstanding characteristics, poverty and pride. As many of them had lived through the Civil War, they still nursed all the grievances of those days, and clung to the old ways in everything. Longer than anywhere else, perhaps, or at least anywhere in the North, men still wore silk hats and double-breasted frock coats. Probably Annapolis ladies were the last to give up hoops, though on that point I can offer no visual evidence. But certainly there were some bonnets in 1900 that dated no later than Appomattox.[8]

The contrast with the bustling New England mill towns in which Stevens had spent his late childhood and adolescence could not be more profound, and the passage betrays the predictable Yankee impatience with drowsiness and dirt. But Stevens's initial revulsion eventually shaded into wonder at the city's paradoxes, reluctant admiration for the way its inhabitants clung stubbornly to their past, and ultimately comic delight in the entire spectacle played out before his eyes. This was the complex sensibility that informed *An Annapolis Alphabet* and that ultimately secured its success.

On 6 December 1906 the Annapolis *Evening Capital* carried an advertisement for a "Humorous Little Book of Local Interest by William O. Stevens," which could be purchased at the newspaper office. A small puff in an adjacent column reported that "The demand for Professor Stevens' little book 'An Annapolis Alphabet' is so great that the supply can scarcely equal it. The book is a splendid Christmas gift for out-of-town friends and can be mailed for only three cents."[9] This modest notice marked the inauguration of Stevens's satiric career. It also sparked one of the liveliest cultural brawls ever to rock the Ancient City.

An Annapolis Alphabet consisted of twenty-six humorous drawings, each accompanied by an explanatory limerick, illustrating some aspect of An-

napolis and Naval Academy life. The alphabet was, at least on the surface, a children's genre, professing to teach the reader all there is to know about its subject in a simple, easily comprehensible manner. These characteristics, however, readily lent themselves to satiric subversion; Stevens was working in a venerable tradition when he decided to use the alphabet to lampoon his adopted hometown. His choice of the genre, in fact, may have been influenced by the popularity of two previous alphabets, the "Naval Academy Alphabet," a lampoon in couplets that appeared in the midshipman publication *Fag Ends* (1877), and L. Frank Baum's *The Naval Alphabet* (1900), a richly illustrated, generally straightforward celebration of Dewey's navy that is nonetheless illumined by an occasional satiric flicker. *An Annapolis Alphabet* differs from these predecessors in the way in which Stevens deliberately heightened the naive and childish appearance of his chosen form. The illustrations were simple, with rounded, cartoon-like figures. Limericks were often intentionally "bad," with syntax tortured to achieve a rhyme and rhyme sacrificed to syntax. The authorial voice was guileless and seemingly innocent. The subjects that Stevens chose to represent in his alphabet, however, assured his readers that the author was anything but naive. The apparent order of the alphabet was the ideal vehicle for satiric disorder.

The entry for the letter *A* furnished a classic example of Stevens's technique and established the *leitmotif* for the entire volume:

> A is for Ancestry: we
> Are wonders for Pure Pedigree.
> But could we cash in
> That blue blood for Tin,
> How happy some people would be!

The accompanying illustration presented two Annapolitans of family taking a stroll before the recently erected post office on Church Circle. The distinguished gentleman sports an imperial and wears the silk hat and frock coat that had captured Will's fancy when he first arrived in the Ancient City. His homely wife, nose high in the air, is a frightening counterpoint to the gracious Southern belle of popular romance. The couple are no better dressed than the lounging black ostler who, smiling, points out the patch on the lady's skirts. The juxtaposition of the past—Southern, aging, penniless, desperately proud but desperately patched—with the future, symbolized by the modern and imposing presence of the new United States Post Office, graphically illustrated the choices Annapolis confronted. The cartoon was calculated to make Annapolitans laugh at themselves—hard enough, in fact, to laugh themselves into the twentieth century. The newly fledged satirist often believes that reform will follow automatically from recognition. Stevens, apparently, was no exception to the rule.

Although hoop skirts were soon to disappear from the streets of the Ancient City, another Annapolis figure is as familiar today as he was in the late-nineteenth century. The entry for *L* depicted

> the Leg-is-la-tor,
> A Statesman *a la* Eastern Shore;
> His regular pay
> Is a fiver a day,
> But he's frequently known to make More!

The drawing showed a rustic delegate striking an orator's pose before the statue of Justice Taney on State House Hill. One hand rests on his lapel while the other is thrust behind his back to receive a bribe from a flashily dressed lobbyist. And as the entry for the letter *X* made clear, the modern era might hold some curses for Annapolis as well as blessings. X stands for the "Xcursionists rude," rubber-necking yokels who gawk at the Herndon Monument while throwing banana peels and sandwich wrappers on the lawn behind them.

Stevens's sense of his own place in the grand Annapolis scheme was suggested by the self-portrait he provided in "F is for Frenching." A nattily dressed Stevens dominates the foreground of the cartoon, winking and flashing a broad smile as behind him a midshipman climbs over the academy wall on unauthorized liberty. Stevens presented himself as a genial lord of misrule, welcoming his reader to a realm of alphabetical disorder in which the usual norms of conduct that govern Annapolis and the academy were

X is Xcursionists rude,
A wild-eyed, inquisitive brood;
The badges they wear
Would make Sousa despair,
And they're not at all bashful with Food.

"X is Xcursionists rude" from *An Annapolis Alphabet*. The badges identify these rustic tourists as attendees at one of the many fraternal order conventions that the city hosted in the first decade of the century. The Herndon Monument in the background marks the setting as the Yard of the Naval Academy. (Photograph courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Archives.)

F is for Frenching, a sport
Indulged in far more than it ort;
Over wall, or straight through
The gate you skiddoo—
Then find yourself on the Report!

Stevens's self-portrait in "F is for Frenching" from *An Annapolis Alphabet*. The scene is Gate 3, formerly the main entrance of the Naval Academy, at the corner of Maryland Avenue and Hanover Street. The amused author merely winks and smiles as a midshipman "goes over the wall" on unauthorized leave; the bemused jimmylegs, or academy guard, wonders what's up. (Photograph courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Archives.)

temporarily suspended. The setting in which Stevens chose to portray himself, the main gate of the academy at the corner of Maryland Avenue and Hanover Street, suggests the power of this position. Bestriding the boundary between Annapolis and the academy, he can turn an unbiased satiric eye on both.[10]

Stevens did, indeed, twit all the sacred (and profane) cows of Annapolis and academy life: the D.A.R., oysters, the *Evening Capital*, Navy Bandmaster Charles Zimmerman, even recently re-interred John Paul Jones. The targets of Stevens's barbs were drawn from the academy and from the city with what appears to be almost calculated evenhandedness. Indeed, a contemporary account remarked that the "comprehensive cartoons seemed to have been so planned that they include every class, clique and combination and all that in them is!"[11] If Stevens did have a program to advocate, it was that Annapolis should modernize: streets should be swept, trains should run on time, the academy should jettison its more outdated regulations. But at a certain point this Northern, liberal faith faltered. As the entry for *X* suggests, Stevens recognized that the twentieth century might strip Annapolis of its uniqueness and bring to the city yet another set of ills. Almost in spite of himself, Stevens began to sentimentalize the Southern character of An-

napolis. As maddeningly backward and inefficient as the city could be, it had become his own, and therefore somehow lovable.

Whether conscious or not, this embrace of Annapolis, patches and all, would prove the essential ingredient in the success of *An Annapolis Alphabet*. With one notable exception, the opinion-makers of the city responded to Stevens's booklet enthusiastically, welcoming the young English professor as one of "us" and treating his satire as a "pleasantry" rather than as an attack. This acceptance may have stemmed from Claudia Stevens's lifelong friendship with many of the city's most influential families. It may have sprung from an appreciation of the booklet's merits and a recognition of Stevens's real love for Annapolis. In all likelihood, however, it was due to the fact that the proprietor and editor of the *Evening Capital*, William M. Abbott, played an essential role in the distribution of the book and very probably in its publication as well. It was the support of the *Evening Capital* in the lively controversy that followed the appearance of *An Annapolis Alphabet* that made the booklet an astounding financial success. That backing also secured Stevens's reputation as the city's foremost man of "letters," both literally and figuratively.

Opposition to *An Annapolis Alphabet* came from an unanticipated source—the city's struggling business community. The limerick for the letter *E* touched off the explosion. It was accompanied by a drawing entitled "Main Street on a Busy Day," in which a pair of cows amble up the major commercial street of Annapolis. Grass grows beneath the uneven cobbles

E is for Enterprise; why,
Some say of that stuff we are Shy!
But if you have hope,
(And a strong microscope)
A trace of it you may descry.

(Photograph courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Archives.)

of the street, the telephone poles tilt at precarious angles, and a citizen snoozes in the gutter in front of Isaac Benesch's department store. In his own account of the episode thirty years later, Stevens noted, "The little publication might not have attracted a single buyer but for the fact that the Annapolis Chamber of Commerce was advised by one of their number that this volume of limericks was exposed for sale, and that this picture especially defamed and otherwise damaged the reputation for enterprise of their fair city. It was indignantly pointed out that cows were *not* to be found on Main Street. In short, they declared that the book should be suppressed and something unpleasant should be inflicted upon the author."[12]

The *Evening Capital* of 13 December 1906 provided more detail. In an editorial entitled "Taken Too Seriously," the newspaper argued that the members of the Annapolis Business Men's Association had done just that with *An Annapolis Alphabet*:

> The little book is as harmless as an Elks Bazar, or a church oyster supper, or even a moving picture show. Rather than injure Annapolis, it has helped to boom and advertise it. Nobody takes the book seriously, unless it be one or two families with ancestors to burn (or who are burning) a few staid old ladies, or the Business Men's Association. Everybody seems to understand it is a joke, a caricature on Annapolis, or a pleasantry.
>
> If "Main street on a Busy Day" has given so much offense because of the crooked telegraph poles and the cows Professor Stevens' clever pencil has portrayed in the cartoon, he might have substituted a few of the huge telephone poles that line Conduit street, and a few hundreds of the dogs that own the town's highways and byways.
>
> We hope the dear Brethren of the B.M.A. will continue to dwell together in unity and leave the clever little book "An Annapolis Alphabet" to its fate. The supply now cannot equal the demand, but if the Brethern [sic] persist in condemning it, the result will be the advertisement will be so great that the edition will run out before Christmas, and, spare us this calamity, as we are thinking, some of us, of this unique book as a Christmas gift.[13]

"Taken Too Seriously" ensured the success of *An Annapolis Alphabet*. The first run was soon exhausted, and the booklet went into a second printing. Beginning on 12 January 1907, the *Evening Capital* ran the entire alphabet in sequence, one entry a day, on the front page of the paper. Publication of the panels helped to move the stock remaining after Christmas sales had played out.

The alacrity with which the *Evening Capital* promoted *An Annapolis Alphabet* raises the question of whether the dispute with the Business Men's Association was merely a publicity stunt staged to boost sales. Such a manufactured incident was not beyond Abbott's capabilities. Other

evidence, however, suggests that local resentment of the booklet was real. Within a year of the booklet's publication, for example, the *Evening Capital* denounced the Baltimore *American* for publishing a "puerile and disgusting" cartoon criticizing the Naval Academy. An even more startling example of the city's hypersensitivity appeared on 22 October 1907, when the *Evening Capital* devoted its lead article to savaging a "Baltimore Smart-Alex" who dared to poke fun at the city's Peggy Stewart Day celebrations. The reporter's off-hand comment that Annapolis streets were none too clean—"A Mendacious Attack," fumed the *Evening Capital*—evoked a lengthy defense of the city's sanitation department as well as a counterattack on Baltimore gutters.

Thanks to the support of William Abbott, Stevens escaped the castigation that the *Evening Capital* usually heaped upon those who impeached the honor of the Ancient City. The feud with the Business Men's Association remained in the realm of mock-epic. The immediate fruits of *An Annapolis Alphabet* were a modicum of fame and a very useful amount of fortune. As the Baltimore *Sun* reported in a facetious article soon after the controversy had faded from public attention, the "book of caricatures and jingles . . . set Crabtown-by-the-Bay by its ears" but the profits from sales of the booklet were substantial.[14] Fleeing the "castigation and lambastication" of his fellow citizens, Stevens "bought with the rakeoff a remote but desirable lot at the mouth of the Severn and built him a place of refuge thereon."[15] The lot was, in fact, on Horseshoe Point, immediately southeast of the old BW&A railroad bridge, a site commanding a superb view of the Naval Academy and the mouth of the Severn. The heirs of Major Luther Giddings were subdividing their father's extensive holdings into "suburban estates" and had engaged Frederick Law Olmsted to plat and landscape the development they named "Wardour."[16] The Stevenses purchased their lot for $2,000.00 from the estate of Major Giddings on 28 August 1907, and the deed was recorded on 12 October of the same year.[17] During the interval the young couple built a small wood-shingled bungalow on the property. Shortly thereafter, on 30 December 1907, Claudia Stevens gave birth to her first child, named Hugo Osterhaus after his great uncle. Stevens's Naval Academy colleague and good friend, Carroll Storrs Alden, stood as godfather.

The year 1907 marked Stevens's emergence as the leading "literary figure" of Annapolis. That the publication of a mere book of limericks could vault the author to such a position perhaps says more about the miserable state of letters in the Ancient City than about Stevens's talents, but the benefits that accrued from this acclaim were nonetheless tangible. When Mark Twain

visited the city in May 1907, Stevens was invited to Government House to hear the famed humorist recount the tale of "The Golden Arm" to a select audience.[18] And when James Ryder Randall, the hoary author of "Maryland, My Maryland," arrived in September, his host, James W. Owens of King George Street, made certain that Stevens received a personal introduction.[19] Given the popular and financial success of *An Annapolis Alphabet*, there must have been little doubt about what he should do for an encore.

In a page-one story on 9 December 1907 the *Evening Capital* announced the publication of *Another Annapolis Alphabet*. The headline trumpeted, "Prof. Stevens' New Book—A Laugh on Every Page—Funny Cartoons about People and Places With Which You Are Familiar." The article asserted that of the many literary figures who have resided in Annapolis, "none has done more to entertain and amuse than Prof. William O. Stevens." His new alphabet was "illustrated with cartoons of places and caricatures of people with whom we are all familiar, but which are good-naturedly funny." The remainder of the piece detailed the highlights of the booklet, repeatedly emphasized that Stevens's humor was comic rather than satiric, and assured readers that *Another Annapolis Alphabet* was "good-natured fun," "unmistakably funny," and "harmlessly humorous."

The *Evening Capital*'s insistence that the satire of *Another Annapolis Alphabet* was toothless exaggerated the reality only slightly. At least as far

E stands for Enterprise; here
Is the way that Main St. does appear
The fact that, for hustle,
Big business and bustle,
We're famous—is Perfectly Clear.

"E stands for Enterprise" from *Another Annapolis Alphabet* (1907). A comparison with the companion illustration from *An Annapolis Alphabet* shows the growing sophistication of Stevens's cartooning style. (Photograph courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Archives.)

as the city of Annapolis was concerned, the second alphabet was a more genial, less threatening production than its predecessor. Stevens's graphic style had grown more polished. The occasionally crude caricature of the first alphabet gave way to flattering, humorous portraits of popular personalities such as Governor Edwin Warfield, St. John's president Thomas Fell, and Navy football coach "Skinny Paul" Dashiell. The sort of comment that smacked of insult when uttered by a "smart-alex Baltimorean," moreover, was merely affectionate appreciation when drawn by Stevens's talented pen. When he noted the city's proverbial somnolence in "R is for Repose," the assertion, "*We* trot in a class with Pompei," took on the character of a boast. Stevens even made amends to the Business Men's Association by including a recantation of the notorious "E is for Enterprise" panel in *An Annapolis Alphabet*. An illustration labeled "Main St.—Any Day" endowed the city's commercial entrepôt with all the hallmarks of "hustle,/ Big business and bustle." "Shoppers from Eastport" and "Eager Buyers from Baltimore" swarm the street in such numbers that if the infamous cow of the previous year had not moved on to less crowded pastures, she was at the very least hidden from view.

In one major respect, however, *Another Annapolis Alphabet* retained its bite. If Stevens spared the city of Annapolis, he turned with redoubled fervor on the local naval establishment. Sixteen of the twenty-six entries treated

U here may stand for Unfit,
By which I refer to the Cit.
While some know their place
And prostrate the face,
Still others don't do it a bit!

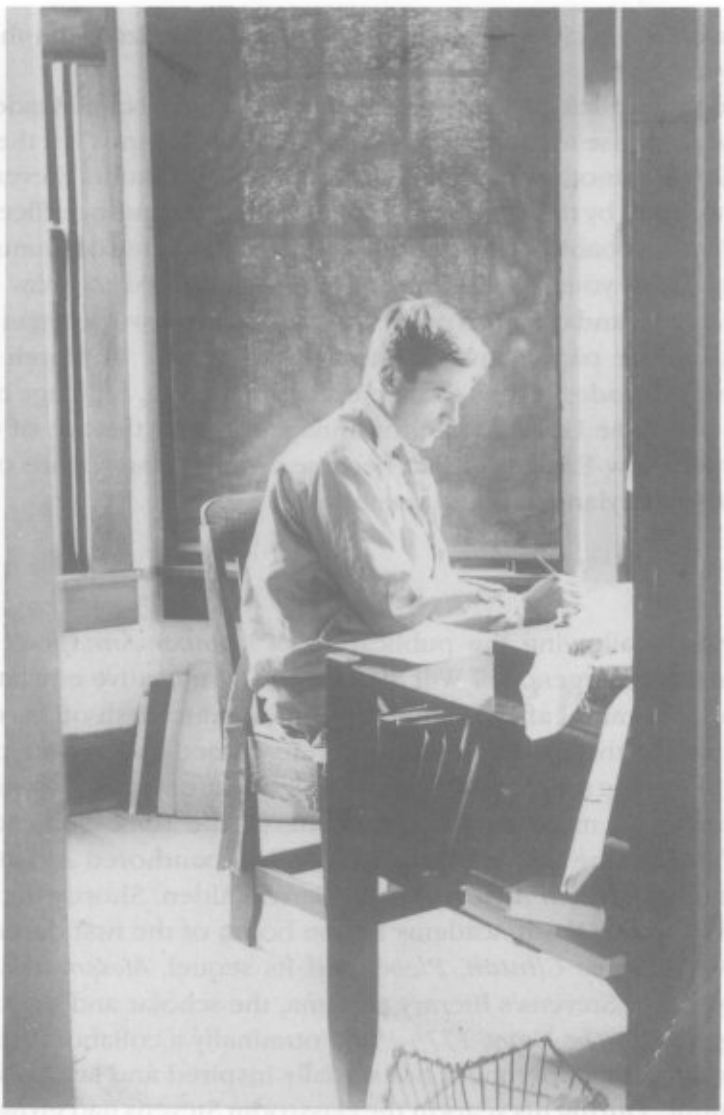
(Photograph courtesy U. S. Naval Academy Archives.)

the Naval Academy, addressing such potentially thorny issues as naval pay, political pull, and Ernest Flagg's architectural designs for the new chapel. The entry for *U* directly confronted the source of Stevens's disaffection with his employer. In the accompanying illustration, civilians kowtow to a naval lieutenant commander and his wife. The officer twirls his oversized moustache as he strides by, barely acknowledging the adulation he is accorded, while his wife, a sour-faced matron in furs, stands with one arm on her hip scornfully surveying the scene through a lorgnette. In the background a baseball game is in progress, and a man with an upraised cane is beating a boy, who falls back into a crowd labeled "Only Civilians."

Stevens's cartoon referred to an incident that severely strained relations between the Naval Academy and Annapolis in the spring of 1907. On 27 March Edward T. Burtis, the marketmaster of Annapolis, attended the Navy-Columbia baseball game and became involved in an altercation with academy watchman Daniel O'Lone, who allegedly abused Burtis and assaulted his eleven-year-old son. On the following Saturday, 30 March, the superintendent, Rear Admiral James H. Sands, gave orders that no children under the age of sixteen were to be admitted to the academy grounds during a sports event.[20] In addition, all the gates except that on Maryland Avenue were to be closed to civilians and reserved for the exclusive use of officers and their families.

The promulgation of these new regulations provoked general outrage in Annapolis, with leading citizens protesting that it was un-American to exclude boys from baseball games and that the restrictions on civilians were an insult. Residents of Oklahoma Terrace petitioned the city to retaliate against the academy by closing the gate opening onto their street to naval officers, and the editor of the *Evening Capital* filled column after column with witticisms on the contretemps, all of them at the expense of the academy ("By their gates ye shall know them," "All roads lead to the Main Gate"). It was perhaps no coincidence that several naval officers were assaulted with baseballs in various wards of the city during the week following the superintendent's order.[21] Admiral Sands publicly defended his initial overreaction by blustering about the importance of the academy's mission and stating that he expected "implicit obedience" to his orders from any civilians visiting the grounds, but in the meantime the onerous new restrictions were quietly modified and revoked.

Although the incident passed, the bitterness did not entirely dissipate. In the 9 December article on *Another Annapolis Alphabet*, the *Evening Capital* remarked that Stevens's depiction of "'the late unpleasantness,' where a cit finds himself 'only a civilian' when viewing athletic sports at the Naval Academy, is too realistic to be humorous." In singling out this cartoon as the only one that is *not* humorous, the *Evening Capital* pointed to what



Stevens at work in his studio at Rosemawr, ca. 1908. He wears the *Malkittel*, or artist's smock, that he purchased on a trip to Europe in the summer of 1907. (Collection of Mrs. Hugo O. Stevens.)

distinguishes this booklet from its predecessor: Stevens had taken sides. His treatment of the incident made it clear that he was not one of those who "know their place / And prostrate the face"; he was, indeed, of the opposing party. In the academy debate over the position of civilian instructors which raged during these years, Stevens felt more and more at odds with the naval hierarchy. The military argument that civilian faculty were peripheral to the academy mission had the practical effect of making Stevens increasingly

identify with the society outside Gate 3 that had lionized him throughout the previous year.

Despite the explicit criticisms in the entry for *U*, the Naval Academy made no official response to *Another Annapolis Alphabet*. Sands left the academy in July 1907 for another post, and the influence of Claudia Stevens's uncle Hugo Osterhaus, by this time a captain and the commanding officer of U.S.S. *Connecticut*, probably afforded Stevens a certain degree of immunity from retribution. The young satirist's reputation continued to grow. Commissions for articles and cartoons poured in, and soon his work began to appear in the Baltimore papers and in national magazines. In March 1909 the Baltimore *Sun* made Stevens the subject of a flattering, full-page biography, dubbing him "The Lewis Carroll of Annapolis."[22] By the age of thirty, the transplanted New Englander had become an important figure on the Annapolis, and Maryland, cultural scene.

The six years following the publication of *Another Annapolis Alphabet* witnessed the emergence of Will Stevens as an innovative educator and as an authority on naval affairs. While he continued to dash off cartoons and satiric verse for the Baltimore *Sun*, Stevens turned the greater part of his energies to writing scholarly articles on seapower for the U.S. Naval Institute *Proceedings* and more popular versions of the same subjects for the children's magazine *St. Nicholas*. In 1910 he coauthored *A Guide to Annapolis and the Naval Academy* with Carroll Alden. Shortly thereafter he contributed to the Naval Academy fiction boom of the first decades of the century with *Pewee Clinton, Plebe*, and its sequel, *Messmates*. The two major aspects of Stevens's literary persona, the scholar and the storyteller, came together in *The Navy, 1775-1901*, nominally a collaborative effort by the entire English Department but actually inspired and largely written by Stevens alone. During his years in the classroom Stevens had grown increasingly perturbed by the lack of a good textbook on naval history, and *The Navy, 1775-1901* was written with a midshipmen audience specifically in mind. The authors announced their intention to emphasize "the professional rather than the picturesque" while presenting their subject with "raciness and interest" found only in the original historical documents.[23] The success of *The Navy, 1775-1901* led Stevens to strike out in the textbook trade on his own. The year 1914 saw the publication of *The Story of Our Navy*, a complete reworking of its predecessor. The volume was an important departure with its rejection of "mere eulogy of naval heroes" and its emphasis on "naval science." It looked forward to the systematic, "modern"

approach to warfare that Stevens only fully elaborated in his 1920 masterpiece, *A History of Seapower*.[24]

Given this shift in the focus of Stevens's intellectual energy, his return to the genre of the Christmas gift book in December 1913 appears puzzling. It was a family crisis earlier in the year that precipitated the publication of *Ye Annapolis Almanac*. In February Stevens's five-year-old son, Hugo, was stricken with mastoiditis after a severe bout of measles. The infection grew so grave that the family doctor despaired of his life and recommended that he be taken to Baltimore for an operation to relieve the pressure on his ears.[25] The surgery proved successful and Hugo soon recovered; the family finances did not. According to family tradition, the medical bills for Hugo's treatment amounted to more than a year of Stevens's Naval Academy salary.[26] Remembering the lucrative sales of the two *Alphabets*, Stevens again turned to the expedient of the gift book to relieve his financial worries.

Ye Annapolis Almanac, being an illustrated compendium of historical, literary, meteorological and apocryphal information was the happy outcome of this relapse into satire. Unlike the *Alphabets*, it was no young man's *jeu d'esprit*. The *Almanac* is a tough-minded little book, dry in its humor, sophisticated in its graphic style. Most importantly, the *Almanac* looked beyond Annapolis for its audience. Stevens continued to swat the traditional 'Naptown flies, but now he stalked bigger game—the increasing influence of the *Sun* and the naval reforms inaugurated by the new Wilson administration and its secretary of the navy, Josephus Daniels.

Like the *Alphabets* before it, *Ye Annapolis Almanac* parodied the conventions of the genre it imitated. Stevens's booklet was a compendium of useless adages, ambiguous weather predictions, and "historical" misinformation that nonetheless contained a good measure of satiric truth. In the foreword to the *Almanac*, Stevens noted that his *opusculum* was a bargain compared with its competitors inasmuch as it omitted the year and days of the week: "the usefulness of the work is extended to the end of time, instead of being restricted to one year." The "priceless and fascinating" historical remarks were guaranteed to be as accurate as the weather prognostications. And, on a modern note,

> In deference to the prevailing taste for the Improper a Nude has been included, especially drawn for this Almanac by the Cubist, Sig. Picasso, in the style of his "Nude Descending the Stair," a recent sensation in New York. . . . On account of the Nude mentioned above, the author will conclude with a word of caution against permitting this almanac to fall into the hands of elderly and respectable persons.

In format, the *Almanac* consisted of double-paged calendar entries for all twelve months, each prefaced by a full-page cartoon depicting the seasonal activities of the Annapolis year. The February illustration, for example,

JANUARY

HISTORIC SCENES, I

PAUL JONES'S FIRST HOURS AT SEA

1—4004 B. C. Annapolis created.
2—4004 B. C. Rest of Maryland.
3—4004 B. C. Out of scraps left over, remainder of the
4 planet.
5—4004 B. C. Adam & Eve form first plucking hoard.
6 Origin of trouble caused by plucking.
7—3875 B. C. Abel founds Balto. Sunpaper.
8—3875 B. C. Cain murders him.
9—3875 B. C. Jury returns "justifiable homicide."
10—1910. Credit Men's Association changes name to "Chain-
11 ber of Commerce." Same thing, though.
12—*Weather fair, tending to unsettled, possibly snow or*
13 *rain.*
14—992 B. C. Solomon takes 986th wife. No hooks up the
15 back in those days.

The January calendar in *Ye Annapolis Almanac* (1913). (Photograph courtesy Special Collections, Nimitz Library, U. S. Naval Academy.)

portrayed Naval Academy entrance examinations, June the wedding of a newly commissioned "cub" ensign, and September the sitting of the Anne Arundel Circuit Court. An old woodcut labeled with some wildly incorrect caption constituted the headpiece to each page of the calendar proper. A rustic cabin Stevens identified as "Charles Street, Baltimore." A colonist treed by a bear was labeled "A Coon Hunt on the Severn," and an old woodcut of Robinson Crusoe decked out in goatskins and umbrella was entitled, "Aborigine of Camp Parole Coming to Town for Xmas Shopping." These different styles of illustration interacted with the text in elaborate ways. The calendar format permitted cumulative effects that were not possible or least not exploited in the two *Alphabets*. Each month of the

JANUARY

HISTORIC SCENES, II

DIGNITY OF LABOR

EARLY SETTLER SETTLING EARLY

16—2349 B. C. Noah invents naval arkitecture.
17—2349 B. C. Weather Bureau prophesies drought.
18—2349 B. C. 40-day Deluge begins.
19—2349 B. C. People outside the Ark originate plea for
20 a larger navy.
21—2349 B. C. Water rising. Noah originates expression,
22 "I should worry."
23—2349 B. C. Outsiders drowned, but they were only civilians.
24—1650. Md. colonists introduce 3-hr. working day (see
25 cut). Women and children exempt.
26—1911. Md. legislature fights 10 hr. day for women and
27 children.
28—1913. Paul Jones (see cut) buried again. Proves
29 that you can't keep a good man down, but 6 funerals
30 for 1 corpse is tomb much. Usual number of Paul-
31 bearers.*

Almanac, for example, included a notice that the scheduled meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, the successor of Stevens's old nemesis, the Business Men's Association, had been canceled for lack of a quorum. Only on 13 December did that organization muster the necessary number of bodies. Readers learned, however, that the audience was "large but not numerous. He went over to the grill room for company."

The Annapolis targets of the *Almanac* did not differ markedly from those on which Stevens drew a bead in the *Alphabets*. The calendar for January, for example, opens with this testament to the smug insularity of the truly Ancient City:

Jan. 1 4004 B.C. Annapolis created.
Jan. 2 4004 B.C. Rest of Maryland.
Jan. 3 4004 B.C. Out of scraps left over, remainder of planet.

The legendary somnolence of 'Naptown elicited this acknowledgment: "Apr. 10 1865—Annapolis hears rumor of Civil War." What is new in the Almanac is a sense of impatience in the laconic nature of the entries. The calendar format, of course, dictated brevity, but the style acquired a significance of its own. The effect was to suggest that, for Stevens, the failings of Annapolis deserved no more than a passing nod. They were so evident, and so intractable, as to have become proverbial truths.

Stevens's treatment of the swarm of civic improvement organizations that had sprung up in Annapolis since his arrival suggested the frustration and disappointment underlying this terseness: the "City Beautiful" movement dies of "sleeping sickness" the day after it is founded. The Annapolis Civic League, which seeks to improve sanitary conditions in the city, is infiltrated and defused by the local Democratic Party, and the winning entry in the Chamber of Commerce city motto contest is "Take a nap in Annapolis." Stevens had been intimately involved in each of these campaigns to improve the city, and his willingness to dismiss them so brusquely hints at a new hardening in his attitudes. After ten years of effort, there was very little to show. Stevens had begun to question the wisdom of even making the attempt.

A new target for Stevens's satire was the Baltimore Sun and its star columnist Folger McKinsey, known to generations of Marylanders by his soubriquet of "The Bentztown Bard." Under the energetic leadership of publisher Charles H. Grasty from 1908 to 1914, the *Sun* had emerged as the leading paper in Maryland and had begun to rival the venerable *Evening Capital* as a force in Annapolis political and cultural life. Stevens rapped the predictability of the *Sun's* editorial page in entries like that for 25 April, "Sunpaper will get off its annual editorial entitled 'Winter Lingering in the Lap of Spring.'" He poked fun at the paper's partisan silliness on 2 November 1912 ("Sunpaper urges election of Wilson because he is 'almost a Baltimorean'"). The entry for 31 July 1563 noted with mock solemnity, "Council of Trent decrees that Sunpaper is inspired." Stevens was even harder on the Bentztown Bard and his daily column, "Maryland Musings," an extraordinarily popular hodgepodge of maudlin versifying and middlebrow morality. On 16 April 776 B.C., Stevens reported, the first Olympic Games were held: "Bentztown Bard wins Metrical Marathon. Constant Reader of 'Maryland Musings' wins endurance contest." Looking into the future, Stevens predicted that on 28 July 1920, McKinsey would finally write "a poem without the words 'gleam' and 'dream.'" And on 25 October, this year as in every year, the Bard would "emit a rhapsody in the Sunpaper on the Anaranl squash."

Stevens's quarrel with the *Sun* and with the Bentztown Bard was not, at base, about poetry. Stevens objected to the mediocrity of the mass culture

of which newspapers were the chief purveyors in the early years of the century. In his view, the opinions that the Bard and the *Sun* served to their readers were intellectually lazy; they catered to popular prejudice rather than challenged, they lulled rather than stimulated, they flattered rather than taught. If the physical torpor that reigned in Annapolis was dangerous, the mental torpor promoted by the *Sun* and its columnists was much worse, not least because it had spread across urban America. Folger McKinsey was important to Stevens as an antitype of everything he perceived himself to be. The author of *Ye Annapolis Almanac* was no sentimental "Bentztown Bard," but a "Naptown Knocker": witty, modern, unafraid to take an individual stand. Paradoxically, it was bustling Baltimore that lagged culturally while an iconoclastic proto-Mencken emerged as the voice of little Annapolis.[27]

It is not the *Sun*, however, but the United States Navy that came in for the most knocks in the *Almanac*. Nine of the twelve full-page illustrations in the booklet treated naval themes, and many of the one-liners in the calendar commented on naval problems and policies. Steven's antipathy toward the naval bureaucracy in Washington was roused by the Democratic victory of Woodrow Wilson in November 1912 and his appointment of Daniels as secretary of the navy. An avowed pacifist, Daniels seemed a laughable choice for the position. He soon proved, however, that he was a strong executive with a very definite vision of the navy's future. Within a year of taking office Daniels had junked the seniority ladder and instituted a merit promotion system for naval officers. He also worked assiduously to improve the lot of the enlisted man. His "Democracy in the Navy" program enabled the common sailor to pursue an education and in some cases to enter the U.S. Naval Academy itself. A lifelong teetotaler, Daniels set the final seal on his unpopularity by abolishing the officers' shipboard wine mess in early 1914.[28]

As might be expected, Daniels's reforms met stiff opposition from the officer corps, and their opposition found expression in Stevens's pen. An ardent Republican, Stevens thought little of Wilson and his appointees. As a scholar of seapower in the mold of the navy's first great theorist, Alfred Thayer Mahan, he was utterly opposed to what he perceived as the naive and isolationist tendencies of the new administration. *Ye Annapolis Almanac* proved the ideal vehicle for a satiric chronicle of the ups and downs of Daniels's first year. In rapid succession Stevens excoriated Democratic attempts to reduce spending on battleship construction while appropriating funds to purchase the secretary of the navy a yacht. He burlesqued the pronouncements by the new secretary of state, William Jennings Bryan, that the names of American naval vessels are too warlike and that new ships should be christened with names like *Friendship* and *Fellowship* instead.

He had great fun with Daniels's directive that the Navy should abolish "port" and "starboard" and substitute "left" and "right" in their place. The satire is detailed and precise, and any opponent of Daniels's reforms would have found *Ye Annapolis Almanac* an engrossing little volume.

Although the primary target of Stevens's pen was Democratic bungling in Washington, he did illustrate the effect that Daniels's innovations would have on Annapolis and the Naval Academy. The full-page illustration prefacing the February calendar was entitled, "Naval Reforms, I: When the Entrance Exams Are Easier." In it, a burly lieutenant commander quizzed an unpromising crew of academy applicants on the solutions to simple arithmetic equations such as "2 + 2 = ?" and "3 x 4 = ?" A series of entries traced the travails of Professor Methusaleh, a civilian professor at Ararat Academy who devotes his life to teaching naval officers but who is eventually retired without even the most paltry pension. Most jarring of all, perhaps, to caste-conscious Annapolis was the August illustration, "Naval Reforms, IV: When the Navy Becomes Democratic" (cover illustration). Here, a seaman dances with an admiral in joint officers'/enlisted men's mess. Another sailor dumps his dinner on the head of an astounded lieutenant commander while the remainder of the crew engage in assorted hijinks.

The response to *Ye Annapolis Almanac* was mixed. The *Sun*, for its part, gave the booklet a facetious but favorable review, asserting, "If Annapolis brought forth during the year nothing more than 'Ye Annapolis Almanac,' its existence would be justified." The reviewer admitted that Stevens "doesn't hesitate to get gay with our most cherished institutions," including his own newspaper, but he accepted the satire with good grace. In fact, he provided numerous excerpts of the booklet's most biting witticisms on Baltimore and the *Sun*. The review concluded, "It is a little volume, but is as bright as a lightning bug and stingeth like a Severn swamp mosquito."[29]

Officials at the Naval Academy did not take the criticisms of *Ye Annapolis Almanac* so lightly. On 10 January 1914, in an advertisement for the volume, the *Evening Capital* featured Stevens's cartoon of officers messing with the enlisted men, "When the Navy Becomes Democratic." The newspaper deleted Stevens's title, however, and substituted its own: "U.S.N.A. Hops." The item drew an indignant response from Commander William Woodward Phelps, head of the seamanship department, who sent a copy to the superintendent, Captain John H. Gibbons, with the following message: "I respectfully submit that the subject of the illustration reproduced is incompatible with the position occupied by the alleged author; tends unnecessarily to ridicule commissioned officers; and is without point; and I respectfully recommend an investigation of this publication and its authorship."[30] Inscribed on the bottom margin of the memo is this response from Lieutenant Adolphus Andrews, the superintendent's flag lieutenant: "The

Superintendent has informed Prof. Stevens that the above showed bad taste, etc. Prof. Stevens pleaded ignorance and promised the Superintendent that he would use better judgement and be more careful in the future." The reprimand delivered by Captain Gibbons sounds *pro forma*, Stevens's apology even more so. Gibbons, who had just received orders from Daniels to leave the academy, a post he particularly enjoyed, to take up a command at sea, may well have agreed with the gist of Stevens's satire. The warning, nonetheless, was serious. Stevens served at the pleasure of the superintendent, and the next incumbent might deal out more than a mere wrist-slapping. Stevens would be wise to pull in his horns.

Perhaps Stevens saw the wisdom of Gibbons's advice, for *Ye Annapolis Almanac* was the last of his satirical booklets. His abandonment of the genre in no way represented a failure of courage—on the contrary, over the next few years Stevens was to prove more outspoken than ever. A caustic one-page article that appeared in the progressive periodical the *Independent* on 24 April 1916 testifies to Stevens's alienation from the city he had twitted so consistently over the previous ten years. The piece went beyond satire. It was, in essence, a frustrated, embittered admission that all Stevens's efforts to boom and to better Annapolis over the past decade had produced no results at all. If the Ancient City had not changed, however, Stevens had. He no longer possessed the buoyant optimism that had once enabled him to contemplate the city's flaws with a wink and a smile.

Stevens wrote "A Suffrage Oasis" in response to a contest sponsored by the *Independent*, whose announced subject was "The Best Thing in Your Hometown." In characteristic fashion, Stevens subverted the official topic with a bit of verbal legerdemain: "The word 'best' is not only superlative, but comparative. The best thing in a thousand square miles of sand, for example, is a little Oasis, and to appreciate it one must see the desert first."[31] Before explaining his metaphor, however, Stevens provided a brief survey of the city's historic past, closing with the sort of romantic image long favored by chroniclers of Annapolis: "To put the matter kindly. Our Town is like a dear old lady nodding over her knitting by the fire and dreaming of the days when she was the toast of the town."

The turn to a more modern, and more accurate perspective comes as a jolt:

> To put it less sentimentally, the "Ancient City," as it loves to be called, has been so long satisfied with its historic fame that it is content to fuddle along without a particle of enterprise, glorying in the superstitions of sixty years ago. Politically,

> it lies flat beneath the wheels of a Democratic machine, whose hacks can always scare off any independent spirit by waving the time-worn negro bogy.
>
> The aridity of business and politics, however, is not the driest feature of this desert. For the genuine Sahara one must turn to the intellectual life of Our Town.

That intellectual life, Stevens explained, had been stultified by the academy. Naval officers cared only about issues relating to their profession, and their wives concerned themselves solely with an unceasing round of calls, teas, balls, and card parties. Moreover, the most prominent civilian families of Annapolis were quite content to dance to a nautical tune. Thus,

> this combination of naval influence with hoary tradition forms a kind of stopper that hermetically seals the mental life of Our Town. Music, drama, art, literature, science, social progress all put together do not weigh against an invitation to the Officers' Hops.

The "oasis" in this intellectual desert, claimed Stevens, was the small group of women who belonged to the Just Government League, an organization formed to promote female suffrage and political reform. These women defied fashion and long-standing prejudice to fight for the vote; in its short history the group organized a Belgian relief drive, opened a public reading room (Annapolis had no library at this period), and stymied the efforts of the local Democratic boss to have an unqualified hack named city postmaster. Stevens concluded his account of the Just Government League with a tribute to the dedication of its members:

> This, then, is the oasis in our desert, a handful of women with their faces set toward enlightenment and progress, and making a sturdy fight against the overwhelming odds of indifference, ridicule, and active opposition on the part of town and society.

Stevens's message in "A Suffrage Oasis" was ultimately no different from that of the *Alphabets* and *Ye Annapolis Almanac*: he came down squarely on the side of honest elected officials, more public amenities, and an increased role for the citizen in the everyday conduct of government. But the tolerance and good homor that characterized his earlier calls for improvement had evaporated. Satire swelled into diatribe as Stevens assumed an Old Testament mantle. In his paean to the Just Government League he sounded like a latter-day Lot enumerating his list of a few good men (or women) in an attempt to divert divine wrath from the city on the plain. But no matter how many Democrats it sheltered, Annapolis was hardly Sodom-on-the-Severn. Neither was it one of the progressive New England cities in which Stevens passed his adolescence. Stevens's inability to maintain his earlier composure in the face of ignorance and corruption

marked an important shift in his career, and his frustration with Annapolis and the Naval Academy demands explanation.

In the case of the Just Government League Stevens was perhaps too close to his subject. The league had been founded some four years earlier by Mrs. Theodore Woolsey Johnson, the wife of a civilian mathematics instructor and a talented artist in her own right. Both Will and Claudia Stevens were charter members. While Stevens delivered the occasional address to the league, including one on the sexual double standard that must have given even the intelligentsia of Annapolis some pause, his wife threw herself into the cause wholeheartedly until the organization became the center of her life.[32] The Stevenses' recognition that many of their Annapolis neighbors and certainly Will's military colleagues disapproved of their activities undoubtedly fed a growing sense of isolation. A friend of the Stevenses during this period observed that both husband and wife were very "positive" in their beliefs, committed to a cause but also self-righteous and deaf to other points of view.

Professional setbacks at the academy may also have contributed to Stevens's alienation at this period. At the close of 1913 Stevens applied for a commission in the Corps of Mathematicians, a quasi-military body composed of three senior civilian instructors that guaranteed its members tenure and a pension.[33] As the ranking English professor, he was considered to have a presumptive right to the appointment, but he was passed over in favor of an instructor of mathematics. Stevens attempted to fight the decision, at one point resorting to congressional influence, but he was ultimately unsuccessful in his quest for a commission.[34] Over the next two years, moreover, Secretary Daniels repeatedly spoke of his intention to appoint "a civilian, a big man . . . whom I can trust" to an academic position at the academy to improve standards of instruction.[35] During the spring of 1916 rumors were flying that the appointment was to be in English. Stevens, senior professor of the department since 1906, could hardly have regarded with equanimity the prospect that an outsider would be named head of the department.

These events explain some of the factors behind the bitterness of "A Suffrage Oasis." The ultimate reason for the failure of satire may be that Stevens was simply tired. A lingering flu-like illness had led to an extended hospitalization in February 1914, and the birth of a second son, William Mason, in May 1915 had brought new responsibilities and new financial worries.[36] At thirty-eight he no longer possessed the same energy he commanded ten years earlier, and the petty annoyances of day-to-day life in Annapolis may have seemed more nettlesome than before. After the publication of "A Suffrage Oasis," Stevens withdrew from the local literary scene to resume his interrupted naval studies. The outbreak of World War I acted

as a catalyst in this transformation. Barred by the new superintendent, Captain Edward W. Eberle, from enlisting in the armed forces, Stevens found a means to further the war effort by explaining the ways of the navy to the educated public.[37] Beginning in 1918 he published a series of articles on American naval policy in the *New York Times*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Yale Review*, and other opinion-making forums. This extraordinarily fruitful period culminated in the publication of *A History of Seapower*, a work that "signaled a departure in American undergraduate education . . . [and] laid the foundation of the academy's reputation as a center for naval history."[38]

Paradoxically, it was Stevens's serious writings on naval affairs and not his satires that led to his dismissal from the academy in 1924. A new superintendent, Rear Admiral Henry B. Wilson, disagreed with Stevens's advocacy of increased reliance on air and submarine power and refused to renew his teaching contract. Bitterly, Stevens left Annapolis, but he went on to pursue a new career in secondary education, serving briefly as headmaster of the Roger Ascham School in White Plains, New York, before moving to Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, in 1927 to become the first headmaster of the Cranbrook School. He returned to Annapolis only once, in the summer of 1935, to gather material and to make sketches for *Annapolis, Anne Arundel's Town*, which Dodd, Mead published in 1937. The most original and interesting sections of the volume were those that dealt with Annapolis and the academy during the first two decades of the century. Through his often hilarious stories and delicate pen-and-ink drawings, Stevens achieved a reconciliation of sorts with the city that had so angered and embittered him twenty years before. No one has ever depicted Annapolis with more accuracy and more affection.

The return to Annapolis followed immediately upon Stevens's retirement from Cranbrook. In the summer of 1935 he and his wife purchased a home in Nantucket, where they had summered intermittently since 1914, and in the succeeding year they took an apartment in Manhattan. Stevens settled into a full-time career as a writer, and over the next twenty years he published a highly acclaimed series of American travel books as well as four volumes on a new interest, parapsychology. After a long struggle with amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, popularly known as Lou Gehrig's disease, he died in New York on 13 January 1955.

The satires that Stevens wrote during his first decade in Annapolis failed in their immediate object. City government remained corrupt, roving packs of dogs continued to rule the streets (though they faced increasing competition from motorcars), and, with the exception of the conversation of the

illuminati gathered in Mrs. Johnson's studio, intellectual life was still moribund. The task Stevens set himself was too great. Perhaps no one could laugh the Ancient City into the modern era—Annapolis would proceed in its own good time toward the benefits, or horrors, that the twentieth century had to offer.

But Stevens's satiric booklets achieved other ends. The success of the *Alphabets* made their author a lion in Annapolis and led to introductions into more exalted literary circles. Eventual notice by the *Sun* secured Stevens a steady stream of commissions and consistently favorable reviews for the remainder of his career. Both the experience of publication and the acquisition of a literary reputation demonstrated their value when Stevens turned his hand to more serious works. Annapolis proved, in sum, a snug and secure harbor from which to launch a literary career that would eventually comprise forty-seven books, many of them illustrated, and nearly 200 articles.

More important is the role Stevens played in shaping the cultural identity of Annapolis. Although he railed against the sloth and dirt of his adopted hometown, Stevens himself succumbed to the city's charm; he was of the Southern party without knowing it. The very things that the *Alphabets* and the *Almanac* single out for amendment were transformed into badges of civic pride. In the years during which Baltimore further industrialized and took on a Northern air—in the period when the *Sun* assumed a dominant voice in forming political and cultural opinions throughout the state—men like Stevens and, in a very different way, Folger McKinsey recognized that Annapolis, the Ancient City, preserved the traditional character of Maryland. McKinsey, the urban pastoralist, rhapsodized over mansions and moonlight and the occasional squash patch. Stevens assumed what would prove to be a racier and more sophisticated pose as a small-town satirist, keenly aware of his city's failings, ready to denounce them to each passerby, but ultimately willing to accept them with a wink and a smile. The alphabetic disorder he unleashed on Annapolis was in the final analysis a means to an end: teaching Annapolitans how to laugh at themselves represented the chief legacy of the *Annapolis Alphabets* and the *Almanac*. That Stevens was unable to keep laughing himself was the pity.

NOTES

1. The only Maryland historian to discuss these booklets at any length is Robert J. Brugger in *Maryland, A Middle Temperament 1634-1980* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1988), p. 436.

2. Basic information on Stevens's life and career is available in *Who Was Who in America* (8 vols. to date; Chicago: A. N. Marquis, 1943-), 3:820; and in Stevens's

response to an alumni questionnaire from Colby College, deposited in Special Collections, Miller Library, Colby College, Waterville, Me. More detailed records are in the possession of Mrs. Hugo O. Stevens of Richmond, Va., and Dr. and Mrs. Phillip G. Prioleau, New York, N.Y.

3. Now in the collection of Mrs. Hugo O. Stevens.

4. For a discussion of teaching conditions at the academy during this period, see Jack Sweetman, "The Civilian Faculty: 1845-1960 (Part II)," *Shipmate* (March 1981): 33-34; and William Oliver Stevens, "Annapolis Scored as the Navy's School for Muddling Middies," *New York World*, 2 August 1925, Editorial Section 1.

5. "Middies' New Songs," Annapolis *Evening Capital*, 26 October 1906.

6. "A Pretty June Wedding," *Evening Capital*, 1 June 1904.

7. *Annapolis, Anne Arundel's Town* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1937), pp. 255-63.

8. Ibid., pp. 227-28.

9. "A Popular Book," p. 3.

10. This position could be precarious as well, a fact that Stevens undoubtedly appreciated. It is probably no coincidence that the Maryland Avenue Gate illustrated in "F Is for Frenching" is the precise spot in which William Harwood put an end to his teaching career in 1861. Incensed at the federal occupation of Annapolis by General Benjamin Butler's 8th Massachusetts Infantry, he dramatized his disaffection by spreading an American flag on the ground in front of the gate and jumping on it vigorously while crying "Sic semper tyrannis!" A Marine guard cut short the demonstration by ejecting Harwood bodily into the dust of Maryland Avenue. Harwood did not teach at the academy again (*Annapolis, Anne Arundel's Town*, p. 256). In choosing this setting for his self-portrait, Stevens may have considered, if only in passing, the risks he ran if the academy response to his booklet was unfavorable.

11. "The Lewis Carroll of Annapolis," Baltimore *Sun*, 7 March 1909.

12. *Annapolis, Anne Arundel's Town*, p. 230.

13. Ibid., p. 2.

14. "The Lewis Carroll of Annapolis."

15. Ibid.

16. Advertisement in William Oliver Stevens and Carroll S. Alden, *A Guide to Annapolis and the Naval Academy* (Annapolis, 1910), p. 4.

17. Anne Arundel County, MD, Deeds, GW lib. 57 fol. 93-95, recorded 12 October 1907.

18. *Annapolis, Anne Arundel's Town*, p. 318.

19. Ibid., p. 237.

20. "May Exclude the Public—Citizens Stirred over Action at Academy," *Evening Capital*, 1 April 1907.

21. "A Ban on Ball Playing—Six Arrests Are Made of Boys Tossing Balls on Streets," *Evening Capital*, 9 April 1907.

22. The author of the article was very probably McKee Barclay, the editorial cartoonist of the *Sun* and a lifelong friend of Stevens. The two men collaborated on

a boy's adventure story, *The Young Privateersman*, published by D. Appleton and Company in 1910; a cryptic reference to this project in the article supports my attribution of the authorship to Barclay.

23. Ibid., preface, p. 5.

24. Ibid., introduction, p. ix.

25. "Little Boy Operated Upon," *Evening Capital*, 21 February 1913.

26. Mrs. Philip G. Prioleau, telephone conversation with the author, 13 June 1988.

27. Stevens did, in fact, know Mencken personally; the two men could have met through Baltimore newspaper magnate Charles H. Grasty, with whom the Stevenses spent a week at Lake Placid in 1906, or through McKee Barclay and his brother Tom. Despite their similar social and artistic concerns, however, Stevens never mentions Mencken in his writing.

28. For more detailed discussion of these naval reforms, see Josephus Daniels's autobiographical account in *The Wilson Era: Years of Peace—1910-1917* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1944), pp. 247-87; and Joseph L. Morrison, *Josephus Daniels: The Small-d Democrat* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1966), pp. 50-78.

29. "Ye Annapolis Almanac a Shooting Star," *Sun*, 7 February 1914.

30. Memorandum from Phelps to Gibbons, 10 January 1914, Records of the Office of the Superintendent, General Correspondence, October 1913-February 1922, Record Group 36, Item 141-2, U.S. Naval Academy Archives (hereinafter USNAA), Annapolis, MD.

31. Ibid., p. 142.

32. See the *Evening Capital* account of Stevens's lecture in the 11 March 1913 issue.

33. Memorandum from Capt. E. W. Eberle to Stevens, 15 December 1915, RG 36, 28-48, USNAA.

34. See the testimony of Carol H. Foster, U.S. Congress, House Committee on Naval Affairs, Subcommittee 6, 64th Cong., 1st sess., 53, part 6, 5 April 1916.

35. Ibid., 3852.

36. Memo from Board of Medical Survey to Superintendent, 22 February 1914, William Oliver Stevens Papers, box 34, folder 8, USNAA.

37. See Stevens's account of this incident in "Naval Academy Record of William O. Stevens," Stevens Papers, box 34, folder 8, USNAA.

38. Jack Sweetman, *The U.S. Naval Academy: An Illustrated History* (Annapolis: Naval Institute Press, 1979), p. 173.

Research Notes & Maryland Miscellany

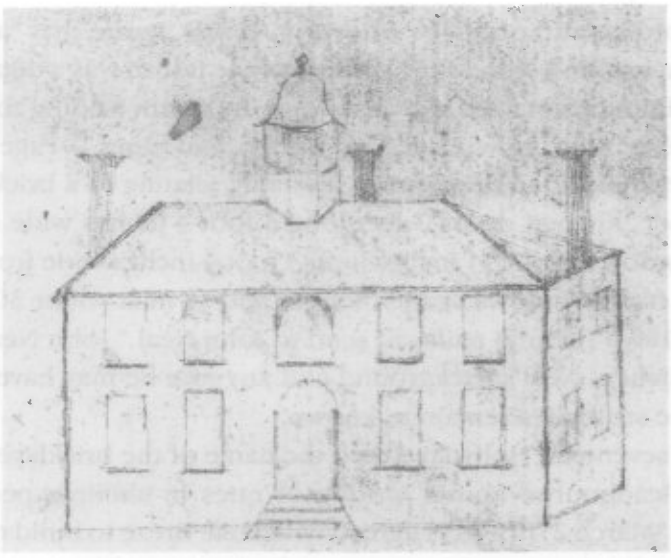
Readbourne Manor Revisited: Gleanings from an Eighteenth-Century Journal

THOMAS HOLLYDAY

A recently discovered journal provides much new data on the construction and furnishing of Readbourne Manor in Centreville, Maryland, "the first mansion in the colony."[1] An early drawing found with the journal clearly shows the Readbourne cupola, which may have been one of the earliest cupolas built on a domestic structure in colonial Maryland and perhaps in British America.

Dating from 1731 to 1733, the twenty-three-page journal was found in a collection of early Hollyday family papers in the author's possession. It was written in ink by Col. James Hollyday (1696-1747), who commissioned the building of Readbourne. His father, Thomas Hollyday (1645-1703), was a successful shipbuilder, landholder, and merchant in Prince George's County. The elder Hollyday was also a member of a long-established English Midlands textile manufacturing family. James's wife, Sarah Covington (1683-1755), was the widow of Edward Lloyd of Wye House, Talbot County. The Hollydays lived at Wye House from 1721-1732. James served in many public offices between 1723 and 1747, filling the post of councilor to Lord Baltimore in 1735. The journal mentions various important features of Hollyday's personal and business life, discusses the architecture and possible furnishing of the main house, kitchen and store, and in all creates a picture of a colonist attempting to recreate a scaled-down English country estate in the latest fashion.

Thomas Hollyday, now a Massachusetts resident, has written widely on Maryland history. He serves on the archives committee of the Talbot County Historical Society, the conservation advisory committee of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, and the board of directors of the Charles River Museum of Industry.



"Old part Readbourne built about 1733." Drawn in about 1760, this pencil sketch of Readbourne measures roughly 6 x 2 inches, the image of the house itself 1 ¾ x 2. (Courtesy of Thomas Hollyday.)

The contents of the journal are in no apparent chronological order. Hollyday, a longtime friend of the noted London botanist Peter Collinson, described a method for growing grapes:

> To propagate grapes drive poles into ye ground abt 4 foot high and they may be three foot asunder in rows. Plant your cuttings at the foot of the pole, that it may rise to ye top thereof, then cut it off and suffer the stock to grow no higher. The branches or side slips will bear fruit the second year and every year after. You may cut off ye stock at ye ground once in two or three years.[3]

On another early page Hollyday noted "for Annapolis May 1731" a list of many errands, one of them concerning "Brass knob iron doggs." On page five he wrote, "Jun[e] 05, Saturday. Jack had mauled 280 railes for the out fence at the mannour." Further along in the journal he marked "M[emorandu]m for Annapolis: to get 4 bolts for windows and two hinges for bed [fittings]." The next notation was for making mortar: "M[emorandu]m. The best way to make mortar for brick laying is two measures of lime to one of sand, well wrought and tempered." On the same page, for an Annapolis trip dated October 1731, Hollyday wrote that he wished to "know the cost of Mr. Gibson's bed, who makes them, and to talk to the man to make me one."[4]

James Bordley, author of *The Hollyday Family*, wrote that "at the south end of the mansion behind the back line of the house was a detached brick kitchen building connected with the house by a path leading to a doorway of the dining room, now closed by the Federal wing."[5] Page ten of the journal contains a long description probably relating to a brick kitchen at Readbourne: "Kitchen doors 7 feet long 3 foot 4 inches wide in the clear Kitchen windows 4 foot 11 inches long 3 foot 4 inches wide from bricks to bricks The front windows ½ inch longer and ½ inch wider 300 inch and half brads 100 6 [penny] nailes to send to John Neal." John Neal may have built the kitchen. Neal's background and any role he may have had in the Readbourne structures remain unknown.

On page seventeen Hollyday noted the name of the bricklayer who built the main Readbourne house, writing of rates in shillings-per-thousand-bricks laid: "March 27th 1733 I agreed with Luke Breze to build my dwelling house of brick at ye rate of 8/ thousand for laying and I am to give him 40 [if] he makes the arches in the front windows and door over [and] above the 8/ thousand[.]"[6] On this same page he described the modillion cornice at Wye, probably meaning the original Wye House in Talbot County, where he lived from 1721 to 1732. "Mondilions at Wye show 7 inches deep 6½ [inches] wide 3½ [inches]." Modillions (mondilions) refer to the small bracket blocks used on cornices of Georgian houses to make them appear as classical-style pediments. The author believes that this is the first documented description of an exterior decorative part of the original Wye House, which apparently made way for the current Wye House, built in 1784. This reference to Wye House suggests that Hollyday was copying some of the features of the original Wye House for the design of Readbourne.[7]

Some exterior timber measurements, which may relate to the kitchen mentioned above, follow on page eighteen:

> Accot of scantling [and] lathing done by John Leonard's people in the year 1731
> 200 foot walnut 4 inch
> 50 foot ditto inch
> 140 cornhouse laths 1 in[ch] by 4 8½ foot long
> 66 kitchen laths 15 foot long 1 in[ch] by 3
> 66 ditto 17 foot long 1 in[ch] by 3
> 37 rafters 16 1/2 foot 3 in[ch] by 4[8]

On page twenty-two Colonel Hollyday entered a shopping list for his 1730-1731 journey to London:[9]

Me[morandu]m for Maryland			
To gett a chest of lemons			1 10
To gett 2 hampers wine		x	6[0]
Mr Goldsboroughs Watch			
Mosely	Iron Monger	x	38
Barclay Linnin	Draper	x	
Collisson	Mercer		20
Brent	Haberdasher		3
Morduil	Wol[len] Draper	x	7
Gardiner	Taylor		2
Bland /10	Goldsmith		12
Armistead	Shoemaker	x	12
Goodchild	Glazier	x	9
King	Hosier		3
Fleming	Hatter		3
Seatcher	Barber		1
China Man			
Cabinet Maker			
			119 70

The "x" marks apparently checked off purchases as completed. Numbers referred to pounds and shillings, hence the total for this column was 119 pounds, 70 shillings. Next Hollyday noted the three groups of parcels he arranged to ship from England:

Mem[oran]dum of Numbers of the Parcels of goods shipped on bord the Charles January 1730/1

Moseley	Iron Monger	x	No 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Goodchild	Glazier	x	No 7, 8
Morduil	Woolin Draper	x	No 9
Tomlinson	Wine Merch[an]t	x	No 10, 11
Barclay	Lin[en] Draper	x	No 12, 13, 14
Armistead	Shoemaker	x	No 15
Bland[10]	Goldsmith	x	16
	Goldsmith		No 1
	Lin[en]Draper		No 2, 3, 4, 5
	Cabinetmaker		No 1, 2, 3
	Chinaman		No 4

Elsewhere Hollyday wrote that there were "48 y[ar]ds from store to hall side," from which one might assume that the Readbourne store mentioned in Bordley's book may have been in existence at the time Hollyday wrote

James Hollyday II, of Readbourne (1722-1786). Charles Willson Peale painted this water-color-on-ivory portrait—1½ x 1¼ inches in size—around 1770. (Gift of James E. Hollyday. Museum, Maryland Historical Society.)

this journal.[11] Many large Chesapeake plantations received income by operating stores to trade with smaller farmers; some of the items Hollyday purchased in England may have supplied other planters as well as Readbourne itself.

The hand-drawn sketch of the mansion dates from approximately thirty years later than the last journal entry. There is no reason to suspect that it was ever part of the journal (it is marked "Old part Readbourne built about 1733" on the reverse side; analysis of the paper and pencil lead indicate it to be of the second half of the eighteenth century).[2] The drawing was probably the work of James Hollyday II, then master of the plantation, and suggests the cupola's proportions relative to the rest of the house. At the time, few American domestic structures—one of them the Warner House in Portsmouth, New Hampshire—boasted cupolas. Readbourne may have lost its own in the 1790s, when it gained a Federal wing (by which time the Ridgely's Hampton sported a striking cupola). Thomas T. Waterman's research has documented Readbourne's small end windows.[12]

The identity of Readbourne's architect continues puzzling. According to tradition, Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore, who visited Maryland in 1732, was involved in the design.[13] Waterman suggested a master builder.[14] Bordley believed the builder to be George Hollyday, cousin of Col. James Hollyday.[15] Another possibility may be James Hollyday's brother, Leonard. Anne

Peebles, in her unpublished Readbourne monograph, argues that Leonard Hollyday "had studied architecture abroad, and is known to have designed a number of buildings in Maryland, including homes in Talbot, Somerset and Prince Georges. He had the contract, let in 1731, for building St. Luke's Church, Church Hill, a few miles to the northeast of Readbourne, and George Hollyday, a cousin, stayed on the ground in actual charge of the building of the church, the plan for which included a cupola which was not, however, constructed."[16] In addition, it is apparent now from the study of James Hollyday's journal that he himself had significant knowledge of building procedures and may have contributed to the design. As sons of a shipbuilding father, James and Leonard Hollyday may have learned woodworking techniques. Luke Breze, the bricklayer mentioned in the journal, may have had some hand in the design because brickwork was central to it.

Readbourne today stands in excellent condition. Owned by Henry Beck, a cousin of the Hollyday family, the house appears on the National Register of Historic Places. Documents of the quality of this journal and drawing can only lead researchers to ask more questions about Readbourne's early construction and furnishing. It is the author's hope that publication of material from these documents will lead to more study and, therefore, more knowledge of this early Maryland landmark.

NOTES

1. John A. H. Sweeney, *Great Winterthur Rooms* (Winterthur, Del.: Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum, 1964), p. 12. The original paneling from Readbourne may be seen in the Winterthur rooms called Readbourne Stair Hall, Readbourne Parlor, and duPont Dining Room, where it was installed following its removal from Readbourne about 1928.

2. Author's interviews with Marjorie B. Cohn and Eugene Farrell at Center for Conservation and Technical Studies, Fogg Museum, Harvard University, 29 February and 8 March 1988.

3. James Bordley, Jr., *The Hollyday Family* (Baltimore: Maryland Historical Society, 1962), p. 119.

4. There were five documented carpenters (who may also have been cabinetmakers) working in Annapolis in 1730: Richard Bickerdike, Stephen Mason, John Smith, Thomas Watson, and Simon Duff. Interview with Jean B. Russo, research director, Historic Annapolis, Inc., 18 January 1989.

5. Bordley, *Hollyday Family*, p. 68.

6. This rate compares with a rate of 27 pounds for laying 30,000 bricks quoted in 1770 by Nicolas Hicks in building John Cadwalader's house in Philadelphia. Using a rate of 20 shillings to the pound, this works out to 18 shillings per thousand bricks

laid. See N. Wainwright, *Colonial Grandeur in Philadelphia* (Philadelphia: Historical Society of Pennsyvlania, 1964), p. vi. Little information is available on the Breze (or Bries) family, but on Volkert Hendrickse Bries's death in New Jersey in 1771 or 1772 see *Dutch Houses* (New York, Holland Society, 1936), p. 439.

7. Carol Rifkind, *A Field Guide to American Architecture* (New York: Bonanza Books, 1980), p. 20. See also Christopher Weeks, *Where Land and Water Intertwine* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984), pp. 53-75, and H. Chandlee Forman, *Old Buildings, Gardens and Furniture in Tidewater Maryland* (Cambridge, Md.: Tidewater, 1967), pp. 51-81. A background painting of an early and unidentified mansion painted in the portrait of Edward Lloyd (d. 1796), owner of the original Wye House, and illustrated in Forman, *Old Buildings*, p. 8, bears a slight resemblance to the Readbourne main house structure in its end chimney location and its hipped roof. This may prove with further research to be significant to the design history of Readbourne owing simply to the close relationship between the Hollyday and Lloyd families.

8. Scantling is the thickness measurement of a rafter. See B. Langley, *The Builders Compleat Assistant* (London: Richard Ware, 1738), p. 153.

9. Bordley, Ibid., *Hollyday Family*, p. 70.

10. Montague Howard, *Old London Silver* (New York: Scribner's, 1903), p. 237. Nathaniel Bland was a silversmith working at Noble Street, London in 1714. See also Seymour B. Wyler, *The Book of Old Silver* (New York: Crown, 1966), p. 166. A Cornelius Bland is listed as a working London goldsmith in 1788. Either person may have been a relative of the Bland mentioned in the journal.

11. Bordley, *Hollyday Family*, p. 68. Several circa 1900 photographs of Readbourne are in this source, including one of the old store building.

12. Thomas T. Waterman, "Readbourne, Queen Anne's County," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 45 (1950): 98, 100. Waterman employs several circa 1950 photographs of Readbourne and portraits of James Hollyday and his wife Sarah. See also Daniel D. Reiff, *Small Georgian Houses in England and Virginia* (London: Associated University Presses, 1986), p. 230. Reiff suggests that local Virginia builders in the early eighteenth century may have regarded cupolas as inappropriately grand for mere houses. He finds that five-bay, high-style London-area brick buildings occasionally used cupolas and points to an example in a painting of about 1680.

13. Bordley, *Hollyday Family*, p. 70.

14. Waterman, "Readbourne," p. 96.

15. Bordley, *Hollyday Family*, p. 70.

16. Anne Bradbury Peebles, "Readbourne" (unpublished manuscript, Maryland Historical Trust), p. 39. Thanks to Michael F. Trostel, AIA, Baltimore, for bringing Peebles's work to my attention. Peebles did her research in about 1960 on behalf of the owners of Readbourne (Bordley, *Hollyday Family*, p. 61).

Building for Capt. Charles Ridgely: Bills and Accounts for Work at Patapsco Neck and Hampton

WILLIAM D. HOYT

In 1938 I published some accounts connected with Jehu Howell's work on the building of Capt. Charles Ridgely's Hampton in Baltimore County.[1] These papers were among a large mass of documents that for years had been in a desk in the old office at Hampton. They dealt with a wide variety of matters, including extensive coverage of Captain Ridgely's mercantile voyages to London,[2] his management of a supply store on the bank of the Patuxent ("Patuscon") near Elkridge, his operation of the Northampton Iron Furnace (now buried under Loch Raven), and his relations with a number of his contemporaries. All these manuscripts were given to me by my grand-uncle, Capt. John Ridgely, to sort and convey to the Maryland Historical Society. The papers entered the society's collections in 1935-36.

Shortly before her death in 1955 my grand-aunt, Miss Eliza Ridgely, gave me another collection, a batch of papers she for many years had kept in a trunk. Among them was an envelope containing some deeds to the Charles Ridgely lands on Patapsco Neck. There Captain Ridgely had built a square frame house whose cupola greatly resembled the one later erected at Hampton. Plans for this home were made soon after 1767, well before work began on Hampton, the "house in the forest" (as Ridgely called it). Apparently Captain Ridgely wanted a place on the shore from which he could watch the passing vessels, including those involved in the overseas trade after he ceased to captain ships himself. The resulting structure was called "Sportsmen's Hall," and a sketch of it appeared in Annie Leakin Sioussat's *Old Baltimore* (1932).

The Patapsco Neck collection includes an estimate of what carpenters and joiners would charge for labor and materials in building Capt. Charles Ridgley's "Fraim house at N. Point":

William D. Hoyt, assistant director of the Maryland Historical Society from March 1943 to September 1947, now lives in Rockport, Massachusetts, and serves as vice chairman of the local Historic District Commission.

The only known image of Sportsman's Hall, Captain Charles Ridgely's house at Patapsco Neck. From Annie Leakin Sioussant, *Old Baltimore* (New York: MacMillan Company, 1931), facing p.187. (Library, Maryland Historical Society.)

	£	S	D
To Weather boarding 32 Sqr. 44 feet a 12/6 pr Sqr	20	18	-
To 28 Sqr. 88 feet of fraiming Lathing & Shingling a 25/ pr Sqr.	36	2	-
To 154 feet of Cornice a 2/ p foot	15	8	-
To 42 Sqr. of Galloping Joists[3] fraiming & Dressing a 6/ pr	12	12	-
To 26 Sqr. of 5/4 flooring a 18/ pr Sqr. (if Dorsiled 4./)	23	8	-
To 13 Sqr. flooring in the Garrett a 10/ p Sqr. not Plaind	6	10	-
To 392 Lights of Sash a 8d pr Light	13	1	4
To 460 feet Washboards & Surbases	16	6	8
To 3-6 pannel Doors Lind a 24/	3	12	-
To 8 Ledge Doors in Celler a 7/6	1	2	6
To cassing 22 Doors & Windows with single Architraves a 8/	8	16	-
To 5 Inside Doors a 18/	4	10	-
To 290 of Double Architraves a 6d pr foot	7	5	-
To Cassing Poosts & Tyes 700 feet a 3d pr foot	8	15	-

To 92 feet of Dintle Cornice & Beadmould a 2/6 pr foot in front first story Room	11	10	-
To 22 yards of Winscotting in front Parlor a 6/	6	12	-
To a Tabernacle fraim in front Parlor & Sundries in said Room	7	15	-
To 56 feet of Dintle Cornice & Beadmould a 2/6 pr foot	10	15	-
To 19 Yards of Winscotting a 4/ pr yard	5	14	-
To a Sett of Pelastors & Intablature	5	-	-
To 92 feet Dintle Cornice & Beadmould a 2/6 in Upper Large Room	11	10	-
To 22 Yard of Sincotting in Do a 6/ pr Yard	6	12	-
To a Tabernacle fraim in Do over Chimney & Sundries	7	15	-
To Cassing & Windows with Double Architraves Sash Lining yd a 10/	4	-	-
To Cassing & Windows with Single Do, sash linings a 7/6 pr	3	-	-
To one flight of Celler stairs 14 steps a 2/3	1	11	6
To first flight of Stairs Winscotted Ramp & Twist	30	-	-
To second Do. Ramped Only a 15/	15	-	-
To Compleating the Dome Plain with Sash &C	25	-	-
	£329	18	-

Errors & Omissions Excepted pr Jehu Howell

It has been clear for a number of years that the principal figure in the building of Capt. Charles Ridgely's Hampton was Jehu Howell. We now know that Jehu Howell was assisted by his brother Jacob and by John McLure and that after Jehu's death in the autumn of 1787 others carried on until the work was completed in 1790. Most bills for carpenter work at Hampton were published in 1938. The following papers touch on various buildings, and it is quite possible that they reflect work done at all three of the Ridgely locations: the Patapsco house, Hampton, and the Northampton Iron Furnace. The summary account of Captain Ridgely's dealings with Jehu Howell, prepared in October 1788 for his estate, make clear that Howell used the services of many men, boarding and supplying them. As both Hampton and the Furnace were some miles distant from the Patapsco and from Baltimore Town, a number of men (and possibly some of their families) not surprisingly received supplies of food, clothing, and "sundries" so that work might go on at a regular pace.

One paper, dated 23 June 1784, presented "A Bill of Work done on & in Capt. Chas. Ridgelys Washouse & Kitchen by Jehu & Jacob Howell, & John McLure Together":

	£	S	D
40 Sqr. 44 feet Angle fraiming in Roofs a 10/ pr sqr	20	4	4
46 Sqr. foot Lathing & shingling a 18 pr Sqr	41	17	-
13 Sqr. 86 feet Galloping Joists in boath Houses a 6/	4	2	7
9 Sqr. 26 feet of 5/4 flooring plaind & Grooved a 18/ pr	8	6	6
8 Dormers Window frames Large Trimd Shingled Sides a 60/	24	-	-
4 Ditto filled in with plained & Grooved Plank a 6/	1	4	-
107 feet 8 Inches—Dintil Cornice Girt 2 feet 6 inches a 6/8 pr	67	5	-
	£165	19	7

	£	S	D
Jacob Howell Part Clear of Deduction	50	8	6
John McLure Part Clear of Deduction	52	6	6

A Bill of Work done by Jacob Howell & J. Mclure in Partnership

504 Lights of Sash a 8d pr Light	16	16	-
7 Windows Cassed Jambs & Sash a 10/ With Ovolows	3	10	-
1 Transom Door Cassed With Ditto a 12/6	-	12	6
1 plain ditto Cassed With Ditto at 1 10/	-	10	-
2 Dormant Windows Sash Cassed a 2/6	-	5	-
1 Washboard & Surbace a 8d pr foot	3	16	8
33 feet of Surbace Only a 5d	-	13	9
19 foot Wash boards Only a 3d pr foot	-	4	9
3 Channel Doors a 3/ pr Pannel	2	14	-
2 Doorframes Single Architrave a 10/ & One 8 plain	1	8	-
12 foot of Clooths pins a 5d pr foot	1	5	1
2¼ Sqr. Ruff Pertition a 6/	-	13	6
4½ yds. in Chimbly piece Half Work a 3/	-	13	6
14 foot Fouble Corner Striping a 4d pr foot	-	4	8
1 Steplather 7 steps a 1/ pr step	-	1	-
Cassing Kingpost - a 2/6		2	6
4½ foot Railing Round Stair head a 2/6 pr foot		11	9
	33	8	1
Deduct the One Seventh for Bording	4	15	6
	£28	12	7
	24	6	3½

Errors & Omissions Excepted by Wm Richardson Jehu Howell

On the back Captain Ridgely wrote, "this Bill Aught to be made out Agreable to old prices before the Warr & to Deduct 1/6 part for Board as pr Agreemt made last Summer wth Jehu & Jacob Howell being in 1783—July 8, 1784."

A second document of the same date concerned another account:

Captn. Chas. Ridgely to John McLure Dr:

	£	S	D
To 9 Sellor Window frames, Full trimd with Bars a 16/6 pr	6	18	6
To 4 Full trimd Window frames, Common Glass a 16/6 pr	3	6	-
To 13 Ditto Large Glass a 20/ pr	13	-	-
To 3 full trimd Transom Door frames a 20/ pr	3	-	-
To 2 plain Doorframes a 10/	1	-	-
	£27	4	6
Deduct the One Seventh for Boarding	3	17	9
	23	6	9
To my part in Company With Jehu & Jacob Howell	52	6	6
To my part in Partnership with Jacob Howell	14	6	3½
To 3½ days a Kitchen Cupboard a 5/ pr day	-	18	-
To my part of Two Cradles 1-50/ & 1-30/ - 80/	2	-	-
To Glazing 148 Lights of Sash a 2½d pr light	1	10	10
To one Beadsted a 15/	-	15	-
To 23 Window frames, Striped for to Receive Plastering	£95	3	4½
Omited a 1/6 p is 34/6 - Seventh for Remains	1	9	6
	£96	12	10½

Errors & Omissions Excepted by Wm. Richardson
Jehu Howell

To which Ridgely added in his own hand: "Deduct for Board 1/6 which was my agreement which I will swer if called on. I have paid John McLure this 8 Day of July 1784 70.0.0 But he is to Deduct for Glassing the Windows. They are to be paid out allowing what he would have made at his Carpenture work. Likewise the Candles this 30/ were to McLure which he agreed to."

An undated accounting described the work "Done by Isaac Israello."

	£	S	D
To Laying 713 feet flooring being 7 Square 13 feet a 9/	£3	4	2
To 245 feet Breast Work being 2 Squares 45 feet a 7/6		18	4½
To 55 feet wash Board a 0/4		4	7
To 126 feet window Casing a 0/4		10	6
To 2 Six pannell Doors a 1/8 p pannell	1	-	-
To 152 feet Casing do. a 2d	1	5	4
To 4 four pannell Doors a 1/8	1	6	8
To 3 Four pannell Window Shutters a 1/8	1	0	0
To a Stare Case 13 Steps a 1/6		19	6

To Sixty Lights of Sash a 6d	1	10	-
To 48 foot boxing a 2d	-	8	-
To a Cellar Door 4/		4	0
To 42 foot Chair & wash Boards a 3d		10	6
To Making a Safe 5/		5	
	£13	6	7½

The summary account of what Captain Ridgely paid out for Jehu Howell and the workmen under his direction from November 1783 to November 1787 fills eleven long pages in a clear, clerkly hand. Extraordinarily interesting, the accounts list the items supplied to those who were actively building Hampton—what they ate and drank, the tools they used, and the cash advanced to them from time to time (probably for the support of the laborers' families). The prices paid for the items bought are set forth meticulously, and a student of life during the period of the Confederation might be able to arrive at some idea of what were the going rates at that time. Among the foods are listed barrels of mackerel, pork, beef, lamb, and mutton, with separate entries for "stall fed beef." There were also quantities of second flour, superfine flour, corn "floweur," bacon, and "midlings." Wheat, potatoes, brown sugar, salt, and corn were regular items, as were, during the last year or so, amounts of "bran and shorts." Drinks were coffee and Bohea tea, but even more plentiful were red Port wine, white wine, Madeira wine, rum, and quart after quart of "Spirits." Shoes were the most frequent clothing items, and entries for "mending boots" and "soling and heeling shoes" are scattered along the way. "Sole and heel taps for wife" and "1 pr shoes for Salley" were also in this category. A set of carpenter's tools (imported in 1784) cost more than twelve pounds. A hatchet, a pair of flat irons, and a Dutch oven at twelve pounds, six shillings, were for household use, and a set of wagon boxes cost eight pounds. A house and garden rented for a year to a workman, Michael Shannon, was listed at one pound, six shillings, while Howell's own house rent was given as forty-five pounds for three years. Ridgely finally paid Howell a total of £3027.17.9½.

At the end of the lengthy accounting was a statement sworn before Justice of the Peace Lyde Goodwin:

> Baltimore County October 15th 1788. Charles Ridgely Personally appeared before the subscriber one of the Justices of said County and made oath on the holy Evangelists of Almighty God that he hath not either directly or indirectly received any part, parcel security or satisfaction for the same except work done by said Howell for him or nay other just acct. said Howell may have against him.

Those workmen whose names appeared regularly throughout the four-year period were Michael Shannon, John Dodson, David Smithson, and

Samuel Fuller. Other names mentioned in the early years were: Thomas Alexander, Nathaniel Anderson, John Botts, Mark Henden, George Mackey, Ramsay McGee, Joseph and Thomas Pearce, William Richey, and Jonathan Riddle. Workmen who seem to have joined the crew midway of the work were: Benjamin Guiton, James Morrison, Richard Parle (or Pearl), and Warner Wood. All these people received shoes, flour, sugar, etc., and occasionally also straight cash sums.

NOTES

1. William D. Hoyt, Jr., "BIlls for Carpenter Work on 'Hampton,'" *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 32 (1938): 352-71.

2. William D. Hoyt, Jr., "Captain Ridgely's London Commerce, 1757 to 1774," *Americana*, 37 (1943): 326-70 (not the current illustrated magazine of the same name, but a handsome publication of the American History Publishing Company in New Jersey).

3. James F. O'Gorman suggests that galloping joists might denote joists that ran the entire length or width of a structure.

A Sailor Prisoner of War During the War of 1812

PAUL A. GILJE, Ed.

What was it like to be a naval prisoner of war during the War of 1812? The letter by G. Bayley to his sister Lavinia is an important document providing an insight to help answer this question. With wit, vitality, and emotion, Bayley relates his experience aboard prison hulks at Port Royal, Jamaica. The HMS *Loyalist* and HMS *Amethyst*—the two prison ships Bayley mentions in his letter—were worlds unto themselves. Confined aboard these vessels were almost every species of humanity, including gamblers and drinkers, as well as Bible toters. Cast almost into a state of nature, the prisoners had to formulate their own rules of conduct that varied from an unwritten code of honor, dictating constant boxing, to the formation of "a little republic" under whose laws "every mans chest or bag of clothes was as safe as if protected by the laws of the U. States." Bayley's letter is rich in detail about his chores within his mess and the persistent harassment by cockroaches and bedbugs. He also shows us how he and his messmates worked to supplement their meager fare with handicrafts.

There are several other accounts of prisoner of war life during the War of 1812. They, too, describe the harsh living conditions, the scanty food allowance, the gambling and drinking practiced by some, the prisoners' own organizational activities, and the steadfast struggle to survive in the face of incredible difficulties. Most of these other accounts, however, center on the great and dismal Dartmoor Prison in the bleak countryside of southwest England and tell their story either as a distant reminiscence or for immediate political purposes to agitate popular sentiments against the British in the wake of the Dartmoor prison massacre on 6 April 1815[1]. On that fateful day, over four months after a treaty had been agreed upon, British troops fired into a mass of prisoners protesting a delayed release and poor rations. Seven sailors were killed and at least thirty-six were wounded.[2]

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Bayley is more sympathetic and more humane in his attitude toward his captors than the Dartmoor prisoners. Not only does Bayley think highly of Dr. Macnamara, who saves his life, but, despite his racism, he also views the black guards with compassion. When one of the sentinels is singled out for punishment with one thousand lashes for accepting a bribe and aiding an escape, Bayley exclaims that he would not purchase his "freedom at so dear a rate as the life of one of those negroes."

It is this human and personal aspect that also separates Bayley's letter from two accounts written about the Jamaica prison ships and published in 1813[3]. Both of these accounts corroborate Bayley's information in most every detail, but lack the pathos and psychological dimension of Bayley's letter. An anonymous sailor from the brig U.S. *Vixen*, like Bayley, approached the subject with a touch of humor. But while Bayley interspersed his account with much seriousness when expressing his affection for his sister, when describing his near death from illness, and when discussing his own despondency, the sailor from the *Vixen* made it seem as if every night aboard the prison ships there was a "grand ball" with dancing that continued until "'the master of ceremonies' and the amateurs huddled together in the middle of the ball room under the protecting influence of Morphus."[4] Bayley's letter is also markedly different from Charles Calvert Egerton's "journal" covering the same period. Egerton was an officer aboard a privateer. He was therefore given privileges of treatment and information denied the common seamen like Bayley and the *Vixen*'s sailor. Egerton, however, presented his "journal" as a diatribe against the British. He lambasted British officials and officers, mocking them with racial slurs for keeping black mistresses and for relying upon black troops to guard the prisoners of war. Egerton's "journal" thus is best seen, as so many of these accounts and unlike Bayley's letter, as wartime propaganda that is based upon some of the prisoner of war experience.[5]

Little is known about Bayley. Even the year of this letter is a mystery. Bayley came from Windsor, Vermont, and probably signed aboard a privateer from Baltimore. Serving as a common seaman, he was captured sometime in late 1812. We can deduce when he was captured because Bayley was already well ensconced in the *Loyalist* prison hulk when the crew of the *Vixen* arrived in December 1812. (The *Southampton* captured the *Vixen* on 22 November 1812.)[6] Bayley was fairly well educated, wrote smoothly and read enlightenment treatises like J. G. Zimmermann's *Solitude*.[7]

In all likelihood the letter was mailed in 1813, although it could have been dated one or two years after that. Starting in March 1813 several cartels exchanging prisoners sailed from Jamaica. Apparently there was a great deal of confusion over the order of prisoners to be exchanged, but within a few

months well over half the prisoners had been sent home. Priority was often given to those who were sick, and since Bayley had a protracted illness he may have been one of those exchanged at this time.[8] Thus it is possible Bayley could have been in Baltimore by August 1813; it is just as possible that he had to await the end of the war. In any case, when Bayley mailed the letter from Baltimore he was making some effort to recoup his own and his family's fortunes. Perhaps that effort was Bayley's original reason for signing aboard a privateer in 1812. Successful privateersmen, even common seamen, could reap great rewards. However, as Bayley's fate attests, the risks were also high.[9]

The Bayley letter is part of the War of 1812 MS at the Maryland Historical Society. The manuscript room has both the original letter and a typescript. Since there are a few errors in the typescript, the transcription below is based largely on the original letter. The document has been edited following the standard procedures of the *Maryland Historical Magazine*.[10]

Were I to attempt a description of this huge floating prison⟨I⟩ am aware I should fall short of an exact representation, but to give you a sufficient idea of its appearance, I could liken it to nothing with so much propriety as the picture of Noah's Ark, as it is represented in the New England primmer, and I question whether there was ever a greater variety of living creatures in the ark than in this ship. This, I am pretty certain of, that had the ark contained as much filth as this old hulk, the dove never would have returned a second time with the testimony of her having found dry land. The *Loyalist* has formerly been employed in transporting some of his Majesty's most . . . *loyal* subjects to Bottany bay. Having been worn out in that service she was brought out here, dismantled and fitted up for the reception of prisoners of war. There we found 160 American prisoners who had been taken at different times, previous to our capture. The moment we came on board our ears were assailed by at least fifty voices at a time, inquiring what ship we belonged to, when and how taken, &c. Such a scene as would have added ten fold confusion to babel itself. While my shipmates were answering their enquiries I found a *soft plank* upon which I laid my weary limbs and slept quietly all night. Next morning my messmates and myself were employed in rigging a table for our accommodation, and at dinner time we laughed among ourselves to think we dined at the Kings table and at his expense. The following day was Sunday, but such a Sabbath I never witnessed. In one part of the ship you might see a person playing at cards, in the next birth [berth] a bottle of rum was worshiped instead of the Supreme Being and in another quarter a company were dancing to the music of a fife. Such a scene would naturally fill a moral mind with horror. Although I considered myself to be a wicked man and have too often been betrayed into vices by a propensity which my heart now condemns, yet I never was so far abandoned as to sport with religion

or profane that day by so wanton and flagrant a violation of that part of the decalogue as was witnessed then and almost every sabbath I remained on board the ship. But notwithstanding most of the prisoners were thus depraved in disposition and manners, there were a few well disposed persons whose exemplary conduct seemed to border on virtue, and oft times had a pleasing influence on others. It has been said, and I believe with truth, that even the most lawless of men were not altogether regardless of justice, but generally submitted themselves to be governed by laws of their own adoption by which each mans property was sacred to him, by mutual consent of the whole. It was so with us. We formed ourselves into a little republic and adopted laws by which every mans chest or bag of clothes was as safe as if protected by the laws of the U. States. When one committed what was called a dirty trick, he was immediately brought before the seat of justice for trial - all hands were called to hear the charges alledged against the prisoner at the bar. If he was acquitted, his accuser received the punishment that would otherwise have fallen on him, but if found guilty, he was sentenced to be tied hand and foot across the windlass, and take one, two or three dozen (according to the magnitude of the offense) not on the hand with a ferrule, as school masters are wont to inflict punishment, nor yet on the soles of the feet with the bastinado according to Turkish discipline, but on ⟨the⟩ fleshy part of the *posteriors* with a heavy oak stave. While undergoing ⟨the⟩ correction the criminal writhes a hundred different ways to elude the ⟨strik⟩ing blows and extricate himself from his disagreeable position. ⟨The chas⟩tisement was generally inflicted by an unfeeling hand without one ounce ⟨or dr⟩op of mercy to soften rigid justice; in consequence of which the poor fellow was unable to sit, with any degree of comfort for several days. This mode of proceeding in a great measure wrought a reformation among the prisoners, and prevented many acts of dishonesty that would otherwise have been committed. But there was one species of vice practiced there from which no examples could deter them (I mean the habit of boxing). Whenever a bottle of rum came on board we were sure to have a battle in which more or less blood was spilt. The act of boxing was considered one of the most important qualifications a man could possess. Should a sailor understand his duty ever so well, if he was not a good boxer and would not fight every one that offered him the least insult, he was called a bad messmate and no seaman. Those sailors were so tenacious of their honor that the most trivial circumstance is sufficient to "kindle the blaze of contention" which always rose higher and burnt with more fury when one attempted to interfere. Their passions were of such a temperament that they must know which is the best fellow. In such a case they agree to fight and choose their seconds to see that they have fair play shown them; a herald would proclaim the match among the prisoners and as many as felt disposed to see them contend for the need of honor, would assemble on the upper deck where they formed themselves into a spacious circle, in the middle of which stood the combatants. Upon a signal given they fell upon each other and dealt their blows amidst eyes, noses and teeth with surprising dexterity and skill, till the weaker begins to fail and is at length compelled to cry for quarters and yield

the palm to the victor. The other, well pleased with his conquest, but willing to act honorably by the vanquished, assures him that his animosity is at an end and that he is desirous of making him his friend who has so lately been his enemy, to which the other generally assented. A hearty shake of the hands confirmed the treaty and they mutually agreed to live together upon amiable terms, till they again fall out. It may not be amiss here to mention how I spent my time. My employment each day was as much reduced to a system as when I was a school boy and had my hours of study and relaxation regulated by a fixed rule. Our mess consisted of seven young men who lived together in such friendship and harmony that one would have imagined we were all brothers of one family, such a union prevailed between us. Each one was allowed one pound and a half of bread, half a pound of beef or pork ⟨and⟩ a gill of peas per day, one half of which we sold for vegetables, sugar, coffee etc., which are brought on board by black women from Port Royal. Our culinary apparatus consisted of 7 knives, the same number of wooden spoons, a ⟨sp⟩it, a can[,] a coffee mu⟨g⟩ and a tin kettle in which we boiled coffee twice a day and soup for dinner. Monday being my day for cooking, I took care to rise early and select a good place for my kettle. When I made coffee it was my rule to fill the kettle (which held 8 quarts) with water and at the same time put in 1/2 a lb. of ground coffee and the same quantity of sugar and boil all together. This with a portion of our bread was our breakfast. After which I rinsed the grounds from the kettle and placed it over the fire to boil the peas. It was necessary to boil our peas in ashes and water in order to break the hull. After boiling them in different waters for two or three hours, they became so soft that with much exertion I would break them in a mortar which we kept for that purpose. This being done my next business was to wash the meat, clean the sauce, which consisted of yams or cocos, onions, Cayenne pepper, etc. These being boiled together made an excellent soup (at least it was so to us) but had you seen the meat and bread we sometimes had to chew you would have thought it impossible to subsist upon it. After dinner was over and the dishes washed up, I smoked my pipe, which was one of the greatest comforts I enjoyed. I had such a veneration for the old stump that I brought it from Jamaica and still retain it for the past comforts it has afforded me. We had coffee for supper which was prepared the same way as in the morning. My cooking day being ended, I felt myself at liberty the remainder of the week till it came my turn again. On Tuesdays I washed my clothes and when dry mended them [. . .] way. The three following days I employed myself in plaiting cinnet and weaving hats which we made of Spanish grass. These we could always sell for enough to procure necessaries for the mess. Saturday and Sunday I devoted to reading. My Bible and Zimmerman were the only books that were not taken from me, when I was made a prisoner. They were my constant companions in whose sain I found a balm for every wound, a solace for every calamity. On ⟨the one I learnt⟩ to appreciate and ⟨count⟩ the blessing of this life; the other how ⟨to persevere⟩ for a better [life]. I often recurred to that paragraph in Zimmerman, part 1st - 26th when he says "Exiles themselves frequently experience the advantage and enjoyments of solitude. Instead of the

world from which they are banished, the⟨y⟩ form in the tranquility of retirement, a new world for themselves; forget the false joys and fictitious pleasures which they followed in the zenith of greatness, habituate their minds to others of a nobler kind, more worthy the attention of rational beings; and to help pass their days with tranquility, invent a variety of innocent felicities which are only thought of at a distance from society, far removed from all consolation, far from their country, their families and their friends."[11] We had amusements on board the prison ship, and those of a rational kind - The chequer board occupied a small part of my time and afforded a useful moral when I applied it to my own chequered fate. Shifting my men obliquely across the board, anxious to get them safely into my adversaries king row reminded me of the indirect means men often make use of to build their greatness on the ruin of others. The game of chess I sometimes played, in which might be seen almost every grade of life from the king to the peasant.

There was a place on the outside of the ship over the quarter gallery which can contain but one person at a time, and as I was fond of solitude I had the gratification of finding myself alone whenever I repaired to it. In the afternoon it was shady by the roof which was built over the ship. In this place I often spent an hour or two at the close of the day musing on my hard fortune, looking toward home and thinking of my friends and sometimes say to myself does Lavinia think I am here? Oh, since I have mentioned your name again I will acquaint you with a little circumstance that should have been noticed before. When we were at St. Domingo I purchased a bottle of good old Spirits and laid in a quantity of fruit, thinking as the 24th of Nov. was approaching (that being your birthday) to treat my messmates to a can of punch, and make them partakers of the joy I expected to feel on the occasion. But, alas, my fruit which I had taken so much pains to conceal from my own shipmates was devoured by Englishmen. My bottle of spirits was also found by those hawkeyed gentlemen and drank before my face. Thus was you robbed of the health I intended to drink to you, and of the happiness I had so fondly promised myself. But I was not the only sufferer. Our gallant Captain, it seems, when he saw the fleet that morning before we were taken, ordered two fowls and the little pig to be dressed for dinner, saying he intended one of their captains should dine with him that day. Poor man he was a little mistaken in his reckoning. The pig and fowls were cooked according to his direction, but if he got any part of them it was only the picking of the bones, for they went the same way of my fruit. The poor little pig was taken warm from the spit by an English sailor and devoured in a trice. I mention this merely to show the Englishmen are not always so honorable as I had formerly believed them, it only requires that some restraint be removed from their sailors and nothing is too [evil] for them to perpetuate and when both officers and men are of the same disposition it is not difficult to account for the depredations they frequently made on defenseless property. I would not be understood to level this charge against Englishmen in general: they treated me as well as I had reason to expect. I felt thankful that I was not a prisoner in a worse place. It is true our provisions were sometimes bad but still I believe the island could afford no better.

Having mentioned most of the comforts I shall now reverse the scene and notice a few inconveniences to which we were subjected. In the first place we had a guard of black soldiers placed over us to prevent anyone from making his escape. These soldiers were recently from the Guinea, merciless as their native tigers, and ignorant as they are cruel. At sun set we were turned below by these creatures and let up next morning at their discretion. They were relieved every week by others to prevent them from forming an attachment to any of the prisoners. Confinement is tedious even when the most lenient hand holds the captives chain, but when grasped by negroes of this description it becomes almost insupportable. To a man who was born and nurtured in the lap of liberty that situation was truly humiliating; to a man who has once tasted freedom the draught is so delicious, he ever wishes to be sipping at the fountain. Another grievance we suffered was the depredations of the rats, with which the old ship swarmed; they issued forth at night from the sinis [inside?] of the sides of the ship with such dreadful out cries that unless one was quite weary, it was impossible to sleep for ⟨long⟩. Whatever came in the way of these nightwalkers was sure to be devoured. They often found way into our bread bags and robbed us of our living. Cockroaches, large horned bugs[,] were always troublesome previous to a storm. It was their ⟨practice⟩ to be nibbling at our toe nails as we lay asleep. But above all others, and the ⟨last⟩ I shall mention is the bedbug. This creature annoyed us more than any ⟨others. It⟩ was most to be ⟨dreaded⟩. They were of an enormous size, being as large as a common bean and inhabited every hole and crevice they could squeeze their fat sides into. Their aversion to the repose of man was truly astonishing. When one lay down to sleep these bugs as if by instinct assemble directly over his head and from thence drop, one after another, on his face and neck greatly to the affliction and vexation of the person sleeping. Thus passed our time, day after day. Month after month passed away without the least prospect of our release. While you were enjoying the sweet variety of seasons, we experienced no distinction, between winter and summer. One torrid sun rolled over our heads throughout the year, presenting to the inhabitants a perpetual verdure and blending the four seasons in one continuous spring. Having given you a brief account of the manner in which we spent our time, I shall now mention some occurrences that took place during the time of our imprisonment.

On the 8th of January Mr. Spalding the 1st lieutenant of the *Joseph and Mary*, with four others made his escape in a boat that had been left alongside, having first bribed the sentinels with a bottle of rum. Next morning the guard were sent on shore to be tried by a court martial, when he that received the bribe was sentenced to receive 1000 lashes. This sentence was vigourously executed. He felt 8 hundred and expired under the lash; the other two hundred were put on after he had ceased to feel. Notwithstanding the mortification I felt at being subject to blacks I did not wish to harm them after that. No, dear as liberty is to me and so much to be prized above every other earthly blessing, I would not have purchased my freedom at so dear a rate as the life of one of those negroes.

January 14th the crew of the U.S. Brig. *Vixen* captured by the *Southampton* Frigate, arrived at Port Royal and were sent on board the *Loyalist*.[12] A few days after the crews of the *Defiance*, *American Eagle*, and *Lady Madison* privateers arrived. By this time the number of prisoners was increased to about 580 so that it became necessary to remove a part of them. Accordingly the *Amethyst*, an old French Frigate, was fitted up and 250 of which I was one, were removed to her. It was now about the middle of March, the sickly season was fast approaching, and the number of prisoners daily increasing. Mr. ⟨Stokes⟩ [?] had hitherto been flattered by assurances of being sent home shortly. There were two American ships lying at Kingston which we were told would take home prisoners.[13] [. . .] I thought I stood a very good chance of being liberated, but when they came down from Kingston, it was ascertained that none but the crew of the *Vixen* except those that were sick would be sent home. I now despaired of ever seeing my native land again, for it was currently reported that all privateers men would be kept during the war. One of my messmates was sent home, in the ship *Wm. Penn*, on account of ill health. After the departure of this ship I was for several days sunk into the deepest despondency for the loss of my friend whose society had hitherto been so essential to my happiness. Not that I wished him back again. That would have been violating the sound rites of friendship, but I felt a satisfaction in his society that I looked for in vain elsewhere. I was now continually brooding over my sorrow without a friend to chase away this gloom, and my ever busy fancy presenting the most discouraging prospects. Sometimes I would sit whole nights listening to the hoarse murmurs of the sea dashing against the rocks, or watching the full orbed moon as she travelled down the western sky. Notwithstanding my boasted fortitude, I often acted the weaker part when I was conscious no eye was witness to my tears. Exposing my self thus to the evening air and unwholesome dews, I was at length struck with a violent pain in my breast attended with a disagreeable cough. The two first days I endured the severest pain without a complaint, thinking it would shortly wear off, and although one of the physicians at the hospital was sent on board every day to examine the sick, I did not make known my case to him. The third day increased my disorder to such a degree that at intervals I was deprived of reason and now ⟨heartily⟩ repented my indiscretion in not applying for relief the preceeding day when it was in my power. For now the weather was so boisterous that the doctor could not come on board had he been ever so much disposed to do so. I fainted several times during the day and was led to believe my last moments were drawing near. O[h], it was an awful hour when the ⟨mind⟩ was about to be separated from every earthly recollection and take its flight to the world of the spirit without a friend to cheer its parting moments without a pilot to conduct it home, without a ⟨comp⟩ass to guide it thro that trackless way "from whose bosom no traveller returns" without sai⟨ls with⟩out a rudder, without—hope! Cheerless and friendless I was preparing to bid the w⟨orld and⟩ my distant relatives an eternal adieu. All their kind offices of friendship, all their [. . .] cares for my comfort and support in the trying days of adversity presented themselves ⟨to my⟩ mind. I made a feeble

effort to address the throne of grace and implore its choicest bles⟨sing put⟩ upon them from whom I was forever separated. As for myself I could only ⟨offer⟩ a memorial to me a sinner [. . .]. I remained senseless on the deck. I was ⟨with⟩ difficulty at length restored to life, but not to reason. It was now about sunset, the ⟨wind⟩ had died away, the doctor came on and examining my case pronounced my life in imminent danger unless immediately relieved. I was accordingly removed to the hospital, where by the timely exertion of Dr. Macnamara I was restored to health and in two weeks was able to express my gratitude to the man who in a manner had snatched me from the grave; and while I live my tongue shall not be silent in his praise, nor my heart deficient in gratitude to my benefactor. However our respective countries may be divided by wars, one English subject at least, shall possess my unbounded gratitude. In contemplating the character of this most worthy member of society I am led into a reflection on the misplaced honors which so often come under our observation. The man who gains a victory in the field of battle at the expense of a thousand lives; the man who is the author of the widows sigh and the orphans' tears; the man who binds his temples with laurels steeped in human gore, received the shouts and plaudits of millions of his countrymen, while he who nurses suffering humanity from an untimely grave, who raises the cheerless head of despondency and wipes from the languid eye the tear that oppression has caused to flow, who devotes his time, talents and even prosperity for the benefit of mankind in general is remembered only in silence. For him no plaudits rend the air, for him no enthusiasm pours forth the laboured [panegyrics,] for him no cities are illuminated, for him no bonfires blaze. Yet it must be allowed the hero who falls on the sanguine plain, covered with wounds which he has received in defense of his injured and insulted country, whose nation's banner waves oer his hearse a pensive emblem of his country's tears, merit all that the breath of man can bestow. But the mild lustre of the "Star in the east" sheds on the Christian's brow a brighter glory than all the glittering honors this world can give. This man not only administered medical aid to my debilitated frame but mingled with it, balms and cordials for the broken heart and wounded spirit and took occasion to observe that altho the shaft of death has been averted (and the means used for my recovery being blest) yet the hour of death must at length arrive and that it behooves me while my stay of grace was yet prolonged to seek an instant in a Saviour's atoning blood. In three weeks I returned to the prison ship and formed a resolution to profit by the lesson he had so kindly given me while I remained there, and if it pleased Divine Providence to restore me again to my native country to profit by it thereafter.

The town of Port Royal stands on a dry sandy neck of land which juts 9 miles into the sea, forming a bay of the same name on the south side of the island. It was once the seat of every vice that degrades human nature, a harbor for pirates, a nest of buccaneers. There could they discharge of their ill-gotten wealth and live upon their gains, secure from the hand of justice. Possessing one of the finest harbors in the world, and some other commercial advantages, it became a place of no little

consequence and induced the inhabitants to fix upon this spot for their capital tho the place afforded none of the conveniences of life, not even fresh water. About the year 1692 no place of its size could be compared with this town for trade, wealth and an entire corruption of manners. In the month June this year, an earthquake which shook the whole island to its foundations totally overwhelmed this city so as to leave in one quarter not even the smallest vestige remaining. In 2 minutes the earth opened and swallowed 9 tenths of the houses and 2000 people. They again built the city but it was a second time, ten years after, destroyed by a great fire. The extraordinary convenience of the harbor tempted them to build it once more and once in 1782 was it laid in rubbish by a hurricane, the most terrible on record. It was not till it had felt these three distinguished calamities that the inhabitants could relinquish a spot so devoted to destruction. They, however, now resolved to forsake it forever and resided at the opposite side of the bay where they built Kingston, which is now the capital of the Island. Port Royal at present consists of 3 small streets and about 150 houses. The Marine hospital at this place is one of the best institutions in the world and is under the immediate superintendence of Dr. Macnamara whose worth I have before mentioned. Thus a second lot in a wicked and corrupt city, if you must need put sense on a particular occasion ⟨d⟩ubbed myself a past therefore [you] will not be ⟨sur⟩prised at a specimen of my ⟨p⟩roduction.

I was sitting one calm moonlight evening as usual at my berth after messmates had retired to rest and were forgetting the fatigues of the day (I mean the fatigue of illness) in quiet repose, save when their slumbers were interrupted by bed bugs; a small lamp was burning on the table and as I mused on things past and things to come, I conceived the idea of writing a poem, little thinking how it would terminate. The silence of the scene was only interrupted by the ⟨drones of the se⟩ntinel on deck who now and then cried "Alls berry well" but my heart as often replied "not so berry well" for I am unhappy. My pen and ink being always at hand I readily embraced the opportunity while my muse was propitious and began as follows:

1. Far from my friends, my country, far from thee
   A wretched captive sighs for liberty
   Compelled to waste his youthful glowing prime
   Beneath a sultry sun and in a distant clime
2. Daily he languishes to meet once more
   His anxious friends upon his native shore
   To rove with freedom on that happy soil
   And find an asylum from all his toil
3. Where oft in better days he used to spend
   A social hour with . . . his friend
   Whose gentle breast was fraught with virtues rare
   Her wit engaging and her heart sincere
4. Or seated near some cool transparent brook
   Beguiled the hours with an instructive book
   Or gathering oft the ripened hazelnut

Upon the banks of loud Connecticut
5. When vernal suns dissolved the mountain snow
And caused the streams in bubbled beds to flow
When earth was gladdened by refreshing showers
And smiling nature teems with spring flowers
6. When lengthened days have clothed the verdant field
And grateful plains a plenteous harvest yield
When sober autumn, clad in brown attire
Reminds us when to trim the evening fire
7. When wintry blasts break from the inclement skies
And drifting snow oer dreary mountains flies
In every season of the varied year
I[']ve known a sister's love, a sister's care
8. Such rural scenes my better days have known
Days that alas have left me but their loss to mourn
And sigh for joys that never can return
No more at evening wander thro the vale
Where oft Ive listened to the nightingale
Nor yet at morn my wanted walk prolong
No birds now meet me with an early song
Lavinia - was wont to share
A brother's pleasures and a brother's care
No more thy hand administers relief
Nor soothes my woes nor mitigates my grief
Oppression there - in each heart finds a foe
And cries indignant whither shall I go
To find a ⟨value?⟩ whom I may expand
The cruel influence of my iron wand
Go' go to the western Indies there display
Thy crimson sceptre stalk, where encouraging
There wretches labour with incessant toil
But share no profits of the fruitful soil
Touch at *Port Royal* that devoted sod
That thrice has felt the vengeance of a God
That thrice ⟨the⟩ fury of his arm defied
Till wholes⟨ome⟩ need humbled haughty pride
There [. . .] the hand of death invades
and sends [. . .] naked to the Palisades*
Where neither ⟨hon⟩ors nor funeral rites are given
To sooth the ⟨hear⟩t or waft his soul to heaven

*The Palisades, a place one mile from Port Royal where those who die at the hospital are buried. ⟨While⟩ they live, [the prisoners] receive from the ⟨doctors every⟩

attention that can be given. ⟨But⟩ their burial is entrusted to slaves who strip the dead and have been known to ⟨leave the⟩ corpse exposed in the bare strand.

I had proceeded this far with my poem without interruption when an overgrown rat (led, I suppose by the singular appearance of a man writing poetry and having a curiosity to peek at my concerns, for we must not suppose curiosity confined to the female breast alone; men are sometimes under its powerful influence and for aught I know this passion may descend to the mouse kind; why not curious rats as well as curious men and women?) jumped up on the table from a beam of the ship upset my lamp and left me in darkness. My frighted muse took her flight and tho since often invoked has never yet condescended to pay me a visit. Thus a rat, low as he may appear to stand in the grade of animal life may sometimes do a more serious injury to a man than eating his bread and cheese. Had it not been for this curious animal I know not to what length my poem might have been extended. But owing to the disaster all I have ever been able to add is the two following lines by way of conclusion:

Place me kind heavens upon my native shore
And ever at thy shrine will I adore.

Since writing this I have read your letter dated 29 May in which you tell me you have written three times since the 1st of Sept. last. I have received but one of them. I wish in your next you would tell me how long John has been in College and as you said he intends to write me I should be glad if he would set about it soon. I am truly rejoiced to hear that you are in health. The reason I have been silent on the subject of my affairs is because my mind has been much exercised of late and when I wrote to you I did not bestow a thought on myself. It is true I have seen troublesome times since I left you and must see troubled times till F's note is paid. Further than that I feel no anxiety for the things of this world. There has been begun in my heart a work of grace, for the accomplishment of which I anxiously wait, but as the operations of the spirit have been progressive I reserve for a future occasion the detail of my experience. In the meantime I will tell you, for your comfort, that I am not a *Methodist* - It grieves me that there are other sufferers in our family besides myself. I had hoped the storm would burst upon my head only. I would freely sustain shock and stem the torment alone if that would purchase peace and unity in our unhappy family. I am glad Frye was benefited by the note I left with you and should be happy to render you any service in my power during their trying time. I have not seen nor heard from Mrs. H.T. these two years past, altho I have often written to her. If you can give me any information respecting her do it.

I would like to know if the grave stones I purchased in order to perpetuate the memory of our dear departed sister have been set up, and let me know what the inscription is. When you write I wish you would send me a fair copy of those arithmetical questions I transcribed into a little treatise on measuration. You will find them on some blank leaves at the end of the book. If you cannot send me a

correct copy with all the characters and figures as they are noted there - you may tear out the leaves and enclose them in your letter, but I would prefer the former, for if your letter should miscarry I should lose them entirely. You will excuse me if in future my letters are short and uninteresting as I am not in a frame of mind well calculated to afford you either information or amusement. I have still to complain of the brevity of your letters. I wish for once you could afford to fill up a sheet. Give my love to all the family. I would even send my love to the old dog if he were capable of perception, for he has been a much better friend to me than some of the human family. The poor old cat also I would remember. Its true she sometimes scratches my skin, but never wounded my reputation. I must stop soon or I shall not have room for the name of your ever affectionate Brother G. Bayley

Postmarked: Baltimore August 24

To: Miss Lavinia Bayley Newberry Vermont

NOTES

1. Accounts by Americans captured by the British during the War of 1812 include Charles Andrews, *The Prisoners' Memoirs or Dartmoor Prison* . . . (New York: For the Author, 1815); [Josiah Cobb], *A Green Hand's First Cruise . . . Together with a Residence of Five Months in Dartmoor* (2 vols.; Boston: Otis, Broaders, and Company, 1841); [Samuel Dalton], "Letters of Samuel Dalton of Salem, An Impressed American Seaman, 1803-1804: From the originals in Possession of Miss Caroline L. Martin," *Essex Institute Historical Collections*, 68 (1932): 321-29; George Little, *Life on the Ocean, or Twenty Years at Sea* (Baltimore: Armstrong and Berry, 1843); Benjamin F. Palmer, *The Diary of Benjamin F. Palmer; while a Prisoner on Board English War Ships at Sea, in the prison at Melville Island and at Dartmoor* (n.p.: Acorn Club, 1914); Joshua Penny, *The Life and Adventures of Joshua Penny . . . Who Was Impressed into the British Service . . .* (New York: Alden Spooner, 1815); Nathaniel Pierce, "Journal of Nathaniel Pierce of Newburyport, kept at Dartmoor Prison, 1814-1815," *Essex Institute Historical Collections*, 73 (1937): 24-59; Francis G. Selman, "Extracts from the Journal of a Marblehead Privateersman confined on Board British Prison ships, 1813, 1814, 1815," in Samuel Roads, Jr., comp., *The Marblehead Manual* (Marblehead, Mass.: Statesman Publishing Co., 1883), pp. 28-96; [Joseph Valpey, Jr.], *Journal of Joseph Valpey, Jr., of Salem, November 1813-April 1815* . . . E. G. Valpey, ed. (Detroit: Michigan Society of Colonial Wars, 1922); [Benjamin Waterhouse], *A Journal of a Young Man of Massachusetts* . . . (Lexington, Kentucky, 1816). See also James Fenimore Cooper *Ned Myers, or Life Before the Mast* (1843; repr. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1899); and Nathaniel Hawthorne, ed., "Papers of an Old Dartmoor Prisoner," *United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, 18 (1846): 31-39, 97-111, 200-12, 360-68, 457-65; 19 (1846), 141-48, 209-17.

2. For general secondary accounts of American prisoner-of-war experience during the War of 1812 see Frances Abell, *Prisoners of War in Britain, 1756 to 1815: A Record of Their Lives, Their Romance and Their Sufferings* (London: Oxford University Press, 1914); Justin Atholl, *Prison on the Moor: The Story of Dartmoor Prison* (London: John Long Limited, 1953); Ira Dye, "American Maritime Prisoners of War, 1812-1815," in Timothy J. Runyan, ed., *Ships, Seafaring and Society: Essays in Maritime History* (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1987), pp. 293-320; and Basil Thomson, *The Story of Dartmoor Prison* (London: William Heineman, 1907). See also Reginald Horseman, "The Paradox of Dartmoor Prison," *American Heritage*, 26 (1975): 12-17, 85.

3. *A Narrative of the Capture of the United States Brig Vixen . . . With Some Account of the Suffering of the Crew; Their Manner of Deliverance and Final Deposit in the Prison-Ships at Port-Royal Jamaica . . .* (New York: The Office of "The War," 1813); [Charles Calvert Egerton], *The Journal of an Unfortunate Prisoner on Board the British Prison Ship Loyalist in Jamaica From November 1, 1812 to April 5, 1813 . . .* (Baltimore: Printed for the Author, 1813).

4. *Narrative of the Capture of the United States Brig Vixen*.

5. [Egerton], *The Journal of an Unfortunate Prisoner*.

6. *Narrative of the Capture of the United States Brig Vixen*.

7. Zimmermann was an eighteenth-century Swiss-born philosopher who lived and worked as a physician for German monarchs and the king of England in Hanover. He wrote at least sixteen different treatises, including the much reprinted work *Solitude*. See J. G. Zimmermann, *Solitude, Written Originally by J.G. Zimmermann, To Which Are Added, The Life of the Author; Notes Historical and Explanatory; a Copious Index; and Seven Beautiful Engravings By Ridley* (London: Thomas Maiden, 1804).

8. *Narrative of the Capture of the United States Brig Vixen*, 32-35; [Egerton] *The Journal of an Unfortunate Prisoner . . .*, 56-68, 79-80. See also Anthony G. Dietz, "The Use of Cartel Vessels During the War of 1812," *American Neptune*, 28 (1968): 165-94.

9. On privateers during the War of 1812 see Jerome R. Garitee, *The Republic's Private Navy: The American Privateering Business as Practiced by Baltimore During the War of 1812* (Middletown, Conn.: Published for Mystic Seaport by Wesleyan University Press, 1977). On the profits of a successful privateer see Wilfred Harold Munro, "The Most Successful American Privateer: An Episode of the War of 1812," American Antiquarian Society *Proceedings*, 23 (1913): 12-62.

10. Editorial practice follows policy used in previous research notes of Maryland Miscellany. In general the document's original spelling, capitalization, punctuation, paragraphing, and abbreviation have been retained. However, for the sake of readability and consistency raised letters are lowered and marks that clearly end sentences appear as periods. Two different types of brackets have been used to indicate editorial intrusion. Square brackets supply words necessary for the apparent sense of a passage or mark a doubtful inscription. Angle brackets enclose

words that were probably written in the original document but that have been damaged by moisture, torn by the breaking of the letter's seal or otherwise failed the test of time. The above editorial policy is taken from Peter Rowley, "Captain Robert Rowley Helps to Burn Washington, D.C.," *Maryland Historical Magazine*, 82 (1987): 241.

11. Zimmermann, *Solitude*, pp. 280-81.

12. Bayley errs on the date. It was in December.

13. There is a line here with only a few words legible because of age and a tear in the paper. Since no sense could be made of the few words, the sentence has been deleted.

Lonely in South America: Two Baltimoreans Write Home, 1828-29

G. HAMILTON MOWBRAY, Ed.

The following letters were written at sea by two Baltimore boys who were friends and neighbors of William W. Moore. The letters reflect two different aspects of the maritime situation as it existed in the first third of the nineteenth century—one naval and the other commercial. Both boys were obviously articulate and observant.

William Moore was himself a young man at the time. He worked as a printer in Baltimore for the Edes establishment that published the *Emerald*, a paper devoted to maritime and commercial news. Moore later became a foreman for General Duff Green, publisher of the *United States Telegraph*, and for Joseph Gales and William Seaton of the *National Intelligencer*. In 1867 Moore served as president of the board of common council of the city of Washington. As a youth, he had delivered papers to residents and commercial establishments near the Baltimore harbor, including Fells Point. Some of his customers were Eichelberger's Hotel on Water Street, William McDonald and Son on South Street, Wm H. Stewart's lumber yard on McElderry's Wharf, and Captain Matthew Kelly at Market Space, Fells Point.

Moore saved these letters and other documents during a lifetime of devotion to the publishing industry. It is thanks to Mrs. Agnes Fogelgren Hudson that we can enjoy them today.

United States Ship Brandywine, Callao, September 1st 1828

Dear William

I take up my pen to inform you that, it is with the greatest pleasure, of late that I have taken the fortitude to correspond with my friends and relations at home. I was truly gratified a few days ago by receiving two letters from my Mother being the first intelligence from home that I have received since my departure from Baltimore a space of two years and four months, although I have wrote frequently. Perhaps

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Dr. Mowbray, a Cambridge University graduate, conducted research at the the Johns Hopkins Applied Physics Laboratory and the Wilmer Eye Institute before retiring and founding Montbray Vineyards outside Westminster. He now divides his time between historical pursuits and the making of fine Maryland wine.

you may think it somewhat strange to hear that I am on board of a man of war but circumstances unknown to you, and to others of my former acquaintance, have brought me here, being family affairs I decline mentioning them. The Brandywine is one of the finest Frigates in the American Navy. She is rated 44 guns but pierces 64 heavy 32 pounders with a crew of 500 men. Since our arrival at South America, we have been visited by Persons of every class, and from every direction, in fact she is called the present star of South America for there is no ship of her size or class on this station. I have been to see the great city of Lima and Panama, Valparaiso also and all the little towns on the coast but they are nothing in comparison to the United States, in my opinion as liking. We have doubled the extremity of South America, called Cape Horn, one of the most perilous capes in the known world, it is where the great Atlantic and Pacific oceans meet and continual storms and hurricanes are to be encountered there at all times of the year and likewise a tremendous heavy swell of the sea, the waves running mountains high, but our ship being a first rate one she climb[s] the waves like a duck, and escorted us to the intended ports without the least danger whatever. We are in a very pleasant situation at present our crew all enjoying tolerable good health with the exception of a few just recovering from the dysentery, which I will state in its proper place. Commodore Jones, our commander is one of the finest men that ever sailed in a man of war he is called the Father of his men on account of his parential affection. He allows us all divertion and exercise that we think proper to enjoy the officers are also very friendly to us because the Commodore has his eye on them as to their usage to us, and will not let them punish his men without his knowledge. A distressing disease broke out in this ship on our way from Panama to this port and before a stop could be put to it, it carried off a number of our crew. It was discovered to be a kind of dysentery or bloody flux—as soon as we reached this port, the sick men were sent to the Hospital on shore and have since that time partly recovered and returned aboard well and hearty. On our way from Panama to this port a most horrible murder was committed by Henry Lancy on the body of Christopher Garrison. It was about 10 o'clock at night, Garrison was laying asleep down on the lower deck, when Lancey took a shot which weighed 32 pounds and threw it from the main deck on the sleeping mans head which almost instantly killed him. The quarrel commenced about gambling, Lancey being a celebrated gambler, Garrison got him a flogging that morning for gambling in the night under his hammock and preventing him from sleep.

Lancy was heard to say that Garrison should never have a chance to report another man, which was the first cause of suspicion resting on him. He was taken and confined the next morning and when we arrived in port the U.S. Ship Vincens being here he was tried by a court martial which lasted two weeks, found guilty and condembed to be hung to the fore yard arm of the U.S. Ship Brandywine between the 15th and 30th of August last. He received his sentence without the least emotion of sorrow or fear whatever. The sentence was read in presence of the whole ships company on the 14th of August last. Last Friday being the 29th of

August and the last day of his earthly career according to his sentence, our ship got underway early in the morning and put to sea—for the purpose of putting the sentence in execution. At 12 o'clock all hands was called to witness execution. At least four hundred men then took hold of the rope that was to hoist him up to the yard. The Prisoner was then conducted on deck by the armed marines and conducted to the scaffold. When mounted he was asked if he had anything to say before death. He said he wished the ship's company to know that he was the murderer but that one of his shipmates was concerned and he would not have done the deed if he had not been prompted to it by him, and that he was made drunk for the purpose. His eyes was then covered and two shot tied to his feet, when a gun was fired as a signal to hoist him up which was immediately done by all hands. He hung thirty minutes and was taken down and thrown overboard without and [sic] ceremony. This was a shocking spectacle to behold, but justice must be satisfied. I wish you to give my respects to your wife and to Mr. and Mrs. Bokee also to all my inquiring friends and relations whom you may chance to see. I expect to see the ship that is to relieve us the first of next spring when I shall return home to enjoy the company of my acquaintance, friends and relations. No more at present, but I remain with respect your humble and obedient servant. Peter Richards

Callo Bay, February 26th, 1829

My Dear Friend,

I embrace the opportunity by the Ship Peruvian of answering your short but welcome epistle by the Covington although I did not receive it until the day after we arrived here which was altogether owing to your not putting your letter in the letter bag....Although I have nothing of particular import to communicate yet I thought it would be gratifying to you to hear how the world wagged with me had I received your letter in Valparaiso I would have answered it before this as I have had 2 opportunities of writing home both of which I have embraced.... As it respects the markets flour is now selling at 10$ on board and every prospect of rising as there is every hopes of a termination of the present contention [between] the Columbians and Peruvians—the Brig Chellian [i.e., *Chilian*] of Baltimore is here and they are purchasing flour for the purpose of going to Guyaquil where I expect they will get a very good price for it as the port has been under a state of strict blocade for several months. we shall sail for Baita in 1 or 2 days but god only knows when we shall sail for home. I am now getting so sleepy that I can hardly see my pen therefore you must excuse me if I should misspell any words. I think I had better leave off till morning. I now having a few liesure moments take up my pen to conclude my letter as the ship will sail in a few hours. I have only time to wish that you will give my best love to all the girls of my acquaintance—to your family—to my friend Millington and tell him that I feel under a great many obligations to him for his kind attention in writing to me - tell him also that I shall embrace the first opportunity of writing to him—if you can spare time call over the other side of the street tell them all that I am well and anxiously looking forward to the day when

we shall leave this coast and to the time when I shall once more have the supreme felicity of spending a few sociable nights with them. My best respects to Major Deems and family & to my young friend E.M. My love to all inquiring friends and accept a portion for yourself. I remain yours etc, J. P. Donaldson

tell my mother that I have written to her by the Ship Francis.

Valparaiso April 5, 1829

Our voyage having been (unexpectly by me) altered we sailed 2 days after the Peruvian and arrived here 2 days before which I can assure you made me a little proud of the James Beacham as the Peruvian has always been counted a fast sailor, there is no prospect of our getting home before September, if we do then I shall be very well satisfied. Oh! how anxiously do I look forward to the day that we shall weigh our anchors for the last time on this coast & to the day that I shall see all those that I have left far, far behind me particularly one whose name enigmatically spelled is as follows, To deface, the Spanish for and, The name of a river in Scotland and the rest you will have to find out. On Tuesday last at about 6 Bell we had a severe shock of an earthquake. we were at supper and I was in the act of drinking my tea the motion was so violent as to make me spill nearly all of it in my bosom. I thought for a little while that old Davy would have got us, but fate ordained it otherwise. It is now nearly bedtime and we have been bothered a good deal today by an English brig that got foul of us therefor you must excuse me if I bid you good night. I will write to you and Millington next opportunity my love to all enquiring friends. I would write a longer letter but it is now sealed and aboard the ship therefore it is impossible Good Night J. P. Donaldson

Think of my feelings when you read this and do not let anyone else look at it the Peruvian sails tomorrow for home but as the girls say when one of the acquaintance gets married it will be my time by and by.

Be so good as to tell my mother and vater that I will write them by the next opportunity. Here is one of the only english papers that is printed on this side of Cape Horn it contains no information but I send it more as a curiosity than anything else.

Gapland Turnpike: Ribbon of History

TIMOTHY J. REESE

Most of the 61,000 persons who each year visit Gathland State Park[1]—straddling South Mountain along the Frederick-Washington County border—reach the park via Maryland Route 67 and Gapland Road, climbing the mountain from Pleasant Valley. Little do they suspect that the road itself has an interesting background.

Nestled in Crampton's Gap, scene of a strategic Civil War engagement in 1862, Gathland is preserved in memory of a newspaper correspondent of that war, George Alfred Townsend, who on a buggy ride in 1884 chose this 105-acre site for his country retreat.[2] At Gathland Townsend wrote the novels[3] that assured his place in local literary history. Here also he erected no less than nine stately stone structures. Capping these efforts, in 1896, was the monumental War Correspondent's Arch, which overlooked the Middletown Valley on the eastern flank of Crampton's Gap.

During these years friends and notables alike flocked to Gapland to see and hear the immortal "Gath"—his well-known nickname[4]—in his imposing hideaway and to savor the unique literary atmosphere. Pilgrims to Gapland generally arrived at Weverton on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad's main stem and then transferred to the Washington County or Hagerstown Branch (completed in 1867) northward through Pleasant Valley.[5] A short, six-mile ride brought them to Claggett's Station (after 1890 Gapland Station[6]) at the base of Crampton's Gap, where Townsend's personal carriage waited to take them to the mountaintop. This activity, however, was not always viewed with approval by Townsend's simple country neighbors. One of them, Frank Kaetzel, drove Townsend's carriage with its beautifully matched pair of thoroughbred horses to the B&O Railroad station at Gapland to pick up the arriving dignitaries and deliver them to Gathland. He later testified "that the citizens living in the area were often upset by the lavishness of the man while they all lived in a Spartan environment."[7] Guests were transported from Gapland Station via what we now know as Gapland Road, a path built over the ancient Conococheague Trail.

The distance to Gapland was only a little over a mile, but the short road

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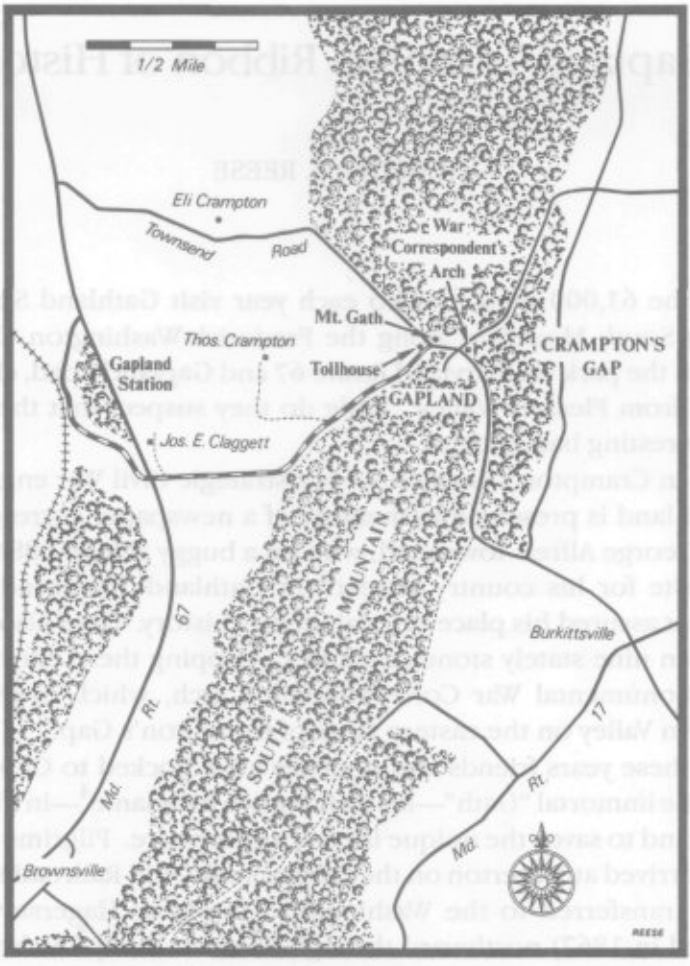
Mr. Reese's "Lee and Lincoln in Burkittsville: The Prather Letter Reexamined," appeared in the summer 1987 issue of the *Maryland Historical Magazine.*



The area surrounding George Alfred Townsend's Mt. Gath, southwest of Frederick, c. 1895. Broken line marks the Gapland Turnpike. (Author's drawing.)

carried more than its share of history. In the twilight hours of 14 September 1862, soldiers from Vermont, New Jersey, Georgia, and Virginia had battled down this road in the closing moments of the Crampton's Gap fight. Near the foot of the mountain, close to the Thomas Crampton farmhouse, men of the 95th Pennsylvania Infantry captured a twelve-pound howitzer belonging to the Troup Artillery of Georgia, sent to cover the Confederate retreat. The next day, federal forces formed battlelines over the Crampton property and across the valley, having failed in their objective of relieving the besieged Harpers Ferry garrison.[8] These events initially had attracted Townsend to the mountain. More often than not, the ride from Gapland Station probably became in impromptu history lesson, depending upon who held the reins.

One of the first sites to meet the eye upon leaving the station was the picturesque Claggett House at the junction of the Valley Pike and Gapland Road. The Claggett family could claim regional association dating back to the eighteenth century. Their spacious, three-story fieldstone farmhouse was erected in 1835 by Dr. Joseph H. Claggett, one of Washington County's pioneer physicians. His son, Dr. Joseph E. Claggett, inherited the house prior to the Civil War but spent little time there.[9] The younger Claggett graduated from the medical college at Winchester, Virginia, and had embarked on a promising career when war broke out. He served as a surgeon in Lee's Army of Northern Virginia when portions of it were driven from Crampton's Gap past his ancestral home. Claggett himself was taken prisoner several weeks later at Warrenton, Virginia. Paroled, he returned to service until the surrender at Appomattox Courthouse.[10] After the war, he chose permanent residence in nearby Virginia rather than live in a state that had technically remained loyal. He sold the property in 1891, leaving behind a prominent period landmark.

Townsend's final house, originally intended as guest quarters, was finished in 1892 and dubbed "Mt. Gath." A similar structure went up at the junction of Gapland Road and the rugged northerly approach road, now fittingly named Townsend Road. Built of gray Maryland fieldstone on land

The Gapland Turnpike Tollhouse, in the foreground, and Mt. Gath from the southwest. The tollgate stood near the break in the guardrail, at center. (Photo by author [1987].)

previously owned by Thomas Crampton, the building was designed to be a tollhouse.

Among Townsend's various construction projects was the conversion of Gapland Road into a pay turnpike. Difficult though it may have been for most locals to warm up to Townsend, partners of financial means readily came forward to enroll in the turnpike scheme. Four in all, they read like a Who's Who of regional commerce and respectability. John D. Ahalt of Burkittsville, Frederick County, had made his name by erecting in 1879 the Mountain Spring and Antietam Distillery, which occupied a converted flour mill south of town on land purchased from the family of former governor Thomas Sim Lee. His "Antietam" rye whiskey, aged by transport on sailing vessels to Brazil and back, was considered among the best produced in Maryland. Ahalt also served on the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal's board of directors—a man of decided wherewithal. George C. Huffer, another subscriber, was a farmer by trade but was also a skilled carpenter. His farm lay two miles north of Burkittsville. Huffer's father had left him well endowed with real estate, and he had married into a prominent Washington County family. David M. Whipp was born and raised on his father's 236-acre farm, Graystone, lying at the eastern foot of Crampton's Gap. He inherited the farm just one year after it became the principal Civil War battleground below Townsend's estate. Whipp had served as county commissioner before returning to the improvement of his burgeoning farm holdings. J. Clarence Lane was born in Frederick County, though he was raised in Boonsboro, Washington County. A graduate of the University of Maryland Law School, he practiced in Hagerstown and was elected to the state senate in 1884. By far the most influential of Townsend's allies, Lane was director of various Washington County enterprises and a notorious land speculator.[11]

In early 1892 Lane acquired the 250-acre farm of the late Thomas Crampton, comprising the triangle of land bounded by Gapland and Townsend roads and the Pleasant Valley Pike. He sold the three-quarter-acre tip of the triangle to the Gapland Turnpike Company.[12] Here the tollhouse was erected. Gapland Road was now bounded exclusively to the north by Lane's land and on the south by Townsend's Gapland. The next step was formal certification of incorporation.

On 26 October 1892, the five entrepreneurs submitted their articles of incorporation for the Gapland Turnpike Company of Washington County to legal authorities, stipulating their full intentions:

> We do hereby certify that the said corporation is formed for the purpose of constructing and operating a turnpike road from Gapland Station on the Washington County Rail Road to the summit of the South Mountain in Crampton's Gap, and to the line dividing Washington County from Frederick County, said road to be constructed upon the bed of the County road as now

> located between said points, and being done one mile in length, the consent of the County Commissioners of Washington County being first had to said location, and with the right to the said Company to alter or change the bed of said road if necessary in order to get a better location or construction. The width of the said road not to be less than thirty feet, and not less than fifteen feet thereof to be covered with broken stone or gravel to the depth of at least one foot.

Ahalt was appointed company president, and Townsend accepted the post of secretary. The corporation was to last forty years, entailing the issuance of capital stock in the amount of $3,000, 150 shares at $20 each. The five principals were, of course, installed as directors, with company headquarters at the tollhouse convenient to Gapland.[13]

The roadbed and tollgate were completed in 1893. Enthusiasm for the venture grew rapidly, as did the businesses associated with the pike. Tolls collected from traffic ranging between the two counties in October prompted a meeting to discuss raising the company's capital to $5,000.[14] A two-thirds vote of the stockholders approved the increase, and it appeared that a new period in the regional economy had dawned.

In 1898, cementing their relationship, all the partners except Whipp provided a right of way to Ahalt and Hamilton W. Shafer, partners in the Gapland and Crossroads Telephone Company, for the erection of poles and wires. Modern communication opened between Frederick and Washington counties. Shafer established a warehouse, grain elevator, and coal and lumber yards at Gapland in 1890, deriving most of his customers from Frederick County. Ahalt's distillery used the railroad at Gapland as well as the Gapland telephone link.

Business flourished into the twentieth century, many western farmers and haulers paying tolls to reach Frederick and points east. But Townsend and his colleagues had not reckoned on two crucial factors. For one thing, South Mountain provided another east-west crossing four miles to the south at Weverton, where the Harpers Ferry Road cut between the mountain's southern terminus and the Potomac River. No toll was charged via this route and, although it sometimes meant a longer journey for Washington countians, once they reached Weverton they gained access to the main stem of the B&O. Old-timers still living in the Gapland area gleefully attest to the fact that local businessmen and farmers avoided Townsend's toll road by using this southern alternative. Indeed, envy of Townsend may have helped to drain the company's coffers. As ordinary folk saw it, Townsend lived in palatial mountain luxury—if indoor plumbing can be considered such—egotistically brooding over them like a feudal lord. Erroneous newspaper accounts of Townsend's lifestyle and surroundings fueled resentment and further discouraged turnpike patronage.[15]

A watershed in turnpike affairs was reached in 1904 when Townsend's wife Bessie passed away. Because she was only a seasonal resident at Gapland Hall, rumors abounded through the years of various mistresses vying with her for Gath's attention. Friends and acquaintances, however, verified that Bessie's death had an irrevocable effect on Townsend, who was never quite the same thereafter. His interest in worldly matters, including the turnpike, waned.

Townsend spent increasingly less time at Gapland and died in New York in 1914 at age seventy-three. His estate passed into the hands of his son, whose descendants in 1943 sold it to the Eldership of the Churches of God for use as a summer conference site. Long before that time, the locals had claimed their revenge by plundering and defacing the buildings and stealing whatever personal mementoes had not been auctioned off. The structures fell into decay and rubble, quickly overgrown by the mountain tangle. Too rugged for church use, the property was acquired jointly in 1948 by the Frederick City Chamber of Commerce and the Frederick County Historical Society with a view of salvaging it as a unique historical curiosity. To that end, the entire abandoned estate was sold in 1951 to the Maryland Department of State Forests and Parks for twenty dollars and became Gathland State Park.[16]

Meantime, the turnpike also fell into disrepair. Ahalt and Huffer died not long after Townsend. David Whipp apparently had bowed out of the enterprise by the time Ahalt's telephone lines were installed. Corporate neglect allowed rains to wash away much of the meticulously fashioned road surface, which suffered further wear from returning traffic availing itself of the unattended tollgate. The tollhouse and its tiny triangle of land at the crossroads were sold and ultimately abandoned by its uninterested tenant. In the 1930s the county paved the turnpike—unassumingly named Gapland Road—to conform to other area highways. Crampton's Gap reverted to quiet country indifference, betraying little sign of its former importance.

The Washington County Branch of the railroad ceased service in the 1960s. Gapland Station has long since been razed, leaving a sleepy little village behind. One must look long and hard for evidence that the tracks ever existed.[17] The station terminus of the turnpike became Gapland's only street, exiting onto Maryland Route 67. The Claggett House still holds lonely vigil over a disused remnant of the old Valley Pike, the remainder replaced by the modern highway.

The turnpike and tollhouse have miraculously survived, the former due to paramount need. Aged and decrepit, the tollhouse is now owned and maintained by William Van Gilder, proprietor of the Gapland Tollhouse Pottery and Gallery. Long-range plans are contemplated for renovation and

restoration to its former dignity.[18] During Mr. Van Gilder's ownership, the tollhouse has been struck twice by traffic descending from Crampton's Gap. One auto struck the house close to vestigial remains of the front door through which the tollkeeper attended his tollgate. The stout stone construction minimized the damage.[19]

The view over Pleasant Valley from the Gapland Tollhouse is matchless, conjuring up images of both the battle and Townsend's enterprise, but even this will change. In the autumn of 1987, the current owner of the Thomas Crampton farm and family cemetery—a Washington, D.C., attorney—decided to bulldoze most of his fields below the tollhouse for conversion into a trailer park. Future plans, recently submitted to county authorities, call for a housing subdivision with access to both Gapland and Townsend roads. In the meantime, the tollhouse has been nominated to the National Register of Historic Places.[20] Commuter traffic along the old turnpike has increased dramatically in recent years, reflecting urban workers' preference for country living. Coupled with impending development, this trend bodes ill for the turnpike and surrounding countryside. One can hope that local interests will act as the Gapland Turnpike Tollhouse approaches its centennial year. In common with many historical sites, it is precariously poised between past and future—a treasure to most, an inconvenience to a few.

For now, the tollhouse along the shortest turnpike in Maryland still defiantly stands guard at the mouth of Crampton's Gap, one of the last traces of Townsend's dream and a haunting fragment of an era when anything was thought possible by those possessed of drive and vision.

NOTES

1. *Frederick Post*, 28 January 1988. The number of visitors to Gathland rose from 49,334 in 1986 to 61,353 in 1987, a 20 percent increase.

2. From David Arnold (1821-1899), Townsend purchased Gavers Recovery, a farm lying between South Mountain's eastern slope and Burkittsville. An elongated portion of that parcel followed the mountain side of Gapland Road to the summit including the land Townsend bought (Frederick County Land Records [hereinafter cited as FCLR], ES5/252). Townsend's other Gapland purchases were from Joseph E. Claggett, Manasses T. Grove, John Violet (the "Mt. Gath" lot), David L. Smith, Ezra Williard, Eliza Smith, and David M. Whipp. See Washington County Land Records (hereinafter cited as WCLR), JGW 260/395.

3. *Katy of Catoctin* and *Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton* were written at Gapland. See Ruthanna Hindes, *George Alfred Townsend: One of Delaware's Outstanding Writers* (Wilmington, Del.: Hambleton Printing & Publishing Co., 1946), p. 39.

4. The nickname, "Gath," was derived by adding an "h" to his initials and was

inspired by the Biblical passage in II Samuel 1:20; "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon."

5. J. Thomas Scharf, *History of Western Maryland* (2 vols.; Baltimore: Regional Publishing Co., 1968 [repr.]), 2:1008-10.

6. James R. Wolfinger, comp., "Washington County Maryland Post Offices: When Established and Discontinued, Postmasters" (1940; manuscript presented to Western Maryland Room, Washington County Free Library, 1970), pp. 23, 43.

7. Carroll F. Spitzer, *A Pictorial History of Washington County, Maryland, Book No. 2* (Hagerstown: Tri-State Printing Co., 1986), p. 60.

8. U.S. War Department, *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (128 vols.; Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), vol. 19, pt. 1, Reports, pp. 396-97, 399-401, 843-44, 870-71.

9. Thomas J. C. Williams, *History of Washington County Maryland* (2 vols.; Hagerstown: John M. Rink & L. R. Titsworth, 1906), 2:804; WCLR, 00/646. Claggett's lot was originally part of a larger tract entitled Park Hall, a community name still in use today along Townsend Road.

10. National Archives and Records Administration, Record Group 109, Microfilm M331, "Compiled Service Records of Confederate General and Staff Officers, and Non-Regimental Enlisted Men," Roll 55.

11. See Thomas J. C. Williams, *History of Frederick County Maryland* (2 vols.; Baltimore: Regional Publishing Co., 1979 [repr.]), 2:1573, 1473; Scharf, *Western Maryland*, 1:622; FCLR, CM 6/586; Williams, *Washington County*, 2:1026, 1030-31.

12. WCLR, GBO 98/165-67, GBO 101/2 & 216, GBO 104/36.

13. Washington County Record of Corporation (hereinafter cited as WCRC), GBO 1/397.

14. WCRC, GBO 1/416, *Hagerstown Daily News*, 9 December 1893.

15. Hindes, *George Alfred Townsend: One of Delaware's Outstanding Writers*, pp. 36-38.

16. WCLR, JGW 260/395

17. A walking tour of Gapland will disclose signs of the station foundation, a nearby gap in the roadbed where a small bridge once crossed, and the overgrown right of way.

18. Mr. Van Gilder purchased the site in 1985.

19. The Washington County Roads Commission has since erected a longer, stronger guardrail to ward off future encounters.

20. The South Mountain Battlefield—much less the Gapland Turnpike and Tollhouse—has received no legal protection from the developmental encroachment rapidly advancing from Washington, D.C., and Frederick. Although various courageous individuals living on these lands, like Mr. Van Gilder, have raised this critical issue, it is hoped that this study will promote land use compatible with sound stewardship .

Book Reviews

Colonial Chesapeake Society. Edited by Lois Green Carr, Philip D. Morgan, and Jean B. Russo. (Chapel Hill and London: University of North Carolina Press for the Institute of Early American History and Culture, 1988. Pp. xii + 512. Maps, tables, notes, notes on the contributors, index. $29.50.)

The eleven essays in this volume are culled from conference papers presented in 1984 at Johns Hopkins University and St. Mary's City. Timed to coincide with Maryland's 350th Anniversary, these events gave scholars occasion to appraise their progress in the ten years since 1974, when a major conference at College Park and St. Mary's had thrust "Chesapeake studies" into the vocabulary of American historians everywhere. This volume forms a sequel to the nine essays published in Thad W. Tate and David L. Ammerman, eds., *The Chesapeake in the Seventeenth Century: Essays on Anglo-American Society* (Chapel Hill, 1979), and of eighteen contributors to the two books, four authors have work in both: Lois Green Carr, James Horn, Russell R. Menard, and Lorena S. Walsh. Like the earlier collection, *Colonial Chesapeake Society* exemplifies the quantified empirical approach that its editors describe, with becoming modesty, as "merely one" of the tributaries that in time may reach "a confluence in a more comprehensive understanding of the early Chesapeake" (p. 46).

J. Frederick Fausz's pathbreaking ethnohistorical research reveals the transatlantic and cross-cultural corn- and fur-trading networks that shaped Virginia and Maryland and their relationships with one another, with neighboring Indians, and with investors in Kent and authorities in London. By seeing the native Americans as full players in tidewater affairs, Fausz adds valuable perspectives to familiar events from the 1630s through the eruption of Bacon's Rebellion. An equally valuable summary of state-of-the-art scholarship is Russell R. Menard's discussion of the 100,000 to 150,000 British immigrants to the Chesapeake colonies between 1607 and 1700. To the question "Who Immigrated?" Menard profiles the immigration patterns of indentured persons (for whom the records are most revealing) and laments that we can say little about free immigrants except that the majority "were from yeoman and artisan families, that minor English merchants attracted . . . by trade were a small but important element, and that historians have exaggerated both the number and significance of immigrants with gentry backgrounds" (p. 120). Perhaps so, but unlike French nobles who fretted about soiling their hands with commerce, if a clear line between gentry and trade could be drawn in English counties like Kent that sent leaders to the Chesapeake, the distinction has limited analytical consequence.

From inventories and similar records, James Horn's "Adapting to a New World" compares living standards in Gloucestershire and St. Mary's County between 1650 and 1700. While Horn finds the colonists enjoying fewer material comforts than

their English cousins, archaeologist Henry M. Miller's study of animal remains from Chesapeake sites suggests that Americans had a superior diet rich in meat. Graced with good maps, Lorena S. Walsh's "Community Networks in the Early Chesapeake" reveals a Maryland world similar to the Virginia described in James Russell Perry's 1980 dissertation and Darrett and Anita Rutman's *A Place in Time*—and Walsh's footnotes offer sage counsel about making comparisons from difficult evidence.

Douglas Deal's "A Constricted World" introduces us to the free-black Carter, Drighouse (Driggus), and Webb families on Virginia's Eastern Shore from 1680 to 1750, and Philip D. Morgan writes about "Slave Life in Piedmont Virginia, 1720-1800," in two essays that temper their reliance on quantified demographic data with literary evidence that brings human faces clearly into view. Jean Butenhoff Lee examines the inheritance of property by women in Charles County from 1732 to 1783, and Lois Green Carr surveys agricultural diversification, entrepreneurial craftsmanship, and industry along the entire tobacco coast by setting Somerset County in a broad perspective. Jean B. Russo's study of eight hundred artisans in Talbot County between 1690 and 1760 suggests that "networks of local exchange, rather than self-sufficient plantations, provide the key to understanding the place of free artisans within Chesapeake society" (p. 425).

Michael Graham's "Meetinghouse and Chapel: Religion and Community in Seventeenth-Century Maryland" also reminds us that "religion played a role" (p. 245) in the building of Chesapeake society. With no competition from an Anglican establishment, voluntarily supported Catholic chapels and Quaker meetinghouses "provided much needed focal points for immigrant society," and these "communities based in religion helped replace the familiar social world their members had lost in crossing the Atlantic" (p. 266). West of the Potomac, Virginia law upheld religious conformity. But the parishes operated as local institutions like their counterparts in England, and the autonomy of local vestries—the bishop of London had no resident commissary until 1690—put practicable restraints on notions of centralized enforcement of conformity. The best of these essays are alert to unique circumstances that puncture generalizations, and one wonders whether divergent ecclesiastical structures might have prompted subtle variations of social development in Maryland and Virginia.

Colonial Chesapeake Society sparkles with insights about the material culture and social history of Maryland and Virginia. These progress reports on the past decade's work are especially welcome to scholars wading in adjacent tributaries, for they bring us closer to the confluence of a more comprehensive understanding of early American history.

JON KUKLA
Virginia State Library and Archives

Annapolis: Its Colonial and Naval Story. By Walter B. Norris. (Bowie, Md.: Facsimile Reprint, Heritage Books, 1989. Pp. xiv, 325. Appendices, index. $21.50.)

Of all the books on Annapolis history, the most informative and charmingly written is this one, which first appeared in 1925—the work of Walter Norris, a professor in the Naval Academy's department of English, history, and government, an early supporter of preservationism, and in the 1950s chairman of Historic Annapolis's historical committee.

The book is primarily a history of Annapolis prior to the Civil War, and of the Naval Academy from its founding in 1845 to Professor Norris's time. It is embellished with etchings by Eugene P. Matour and drawings by Vernon Howe Bailey which capture the old-world charm of Annapolis of sixty years ago.

One of its virtues is that it is well laced with extensive quotations from original sources, thereby making them readily available to readers who might not find it practicable to do research in archives and libraries. This device effectively transports readers back in time and affords a view of the town in colonial days and of historic events through the eyes of participants.

With the passage of time, accelerated research has established more accurate facts than some commonly accepted in 1925, and Professor Norris maintained a file of corrigenda in case a second edition became a reality. Unfortunately the admirable object of keeping the price low beguiled the publisher into reproducing the 1925 book without correcting its factual errors. Hence the unwary reader may suppose that the John Brice III House (built circa 1766) was the Dorsey House, where the General Assembly met in 1695; that the Old Treasury on State Circle dates from Nicholson's time forty years before its real date of circa 1736; that the first St. Anne's Church built circa 1697-1704) was the first brick church in Maryland (although Old Trinity, Dorchester County, dates from about 1676); and that the James Brice House was built in 1745, instead of 1767-1775. A single page of corrigenda might have prevented these misconceptions.

Even so, Annapolitans and Maryland history buffs owe a debt of gratitude to Heritage Books for bringing out a second edition of this sought-after book that has been out of print much too long, and for doing so at a modest price.

ARTHUR PIERCE MIDDLETON
Historic Annapolis Foundation

Free Workers in a Plantation Economy, Talbot County, Maryland, 1690-1759. By Jean B. Russo (Outstanding Studies in Early American History. New York and London: Garland Publishing Company, 1989. Pp. xi, 486. Appendix, notes, index. $75.)

This study focuses on free artisans in Talbot County in the period 1690-1759. Dr. Russo has identified over 800 craftsmen who worked in Talbot County, and her research offers new perspectives on the role, function, and economic significance of the independent artisan in the colonial Chesapeake. Artisans helped to shape

not only the local economy but also the development of a stable social environment. Contrary to the thesis that slave communities in the South offered little inducement to the development of a community of free artisans, Russo finds that Talbot's economy offered employment to a considerable number of wage workers. Carpenters and woodworkers constituted 50 percent of all craftsmen working in the county. Metal workers and blacksmiths formed the other sizeable group.

These craftsmen were able to prosper because their skills and equipment could not be supplanted by either local plantations or by technology and consumer goods imported from England. Glove-making and other specialty crafts, for example, found scant employment prospects in colonial Talbot. While artisans during this period were usually found in villages, Russo discovered them to be widely dispersed in Talbot County. Thus she notes that "one cannot infer a direct relationship between the numbers and kinds of artisans at work within a given area and that area's other economic characteristics." Artisans were just as capable of owning land, slaves, and servants during this period as planters; and Russo found that "60 percent of the inventoried artisans held real property at the time of their death, while the rate for all decedents was only 52 percent."

Although craftsmen in Talbot functioned within the framework of opportunity shaped by the tobacco economy of the Chesapeake, they did have an independent existence. Carpenters, blacksmiths, and tanners enjoyed the most favorable position. Even without planters and the tobacco economy, Russo concludes, Talbot would still have required the skills of certain craftsmen. They would "have been there (just as they were at the end of the century, when tobacco began its decline), building houses, mending plows, and weaving cloth."

This is a valuable study because it both complements important work on the region done by scholars like Gloria Maine, Gregory Stiverson, and Paul Clemens and provides a detailed examination of craftsmen and other workers who earned their livelihood in colonial Talbot. By looking at colonial Talbot through the artisans' angle of vision, Russo has shown how current theories of plantation economies in the South can confuse rather than inform the historian.

This book began as a doctoral dissertation at Johns Hopkins University. It makes extensive use of artisan files and inventories at the Maryland Hall of Records. Readers will be pleased to find that the book contains no statistical jargon, only clean, coherent, well-informed prose.

JOHN R. WENNERSTEN
University of Maryland, Eastern Shore

Frederick Douglass' Civil War: Keeping the Faith in Jubilee. By David W. Blight. (Baton Rouge and London: Louisiana State University Press, 1989. Pp. xi, 270. Bibliography, notes, index. $27.50.)

David W. Blight's *Frederick Douglass' Civil War* examines Douglass's antislavery conception of the Civil War and efforts to define and control its historical meaning. Blight begins by describing how Douglass maintained his faith in the antislavery

cause during the 1850s—bleak years for black liberation as the Fugitive Slave Act, Kansas-Nebraska Act, and *Dred Scott* decision gave support to proslavery forces. Even the rise of the Republican party boded ill for blacks, since many of its advocates were just as concerned with restricting black freedom as they were with confining slavery to the South.

In these hard times, Douglass maintained his belief that America would eventually eliminate slavery. His speeches and newspaper columns advocated continual agitation, mostly through electoral politics, toward the abolition of slavery. He strongly resisted any suggestion that blacks were not full members of the American social order. Douglass fulminated against schemes to resettle free blacks and emancipated slaves outside of the United States, even when such suggestions came from black leaders like Martin Delany. Douglass also chided the Republican party for its equivocal stand on abolition and equal rights for blacks. Blight emphasizes the spiritual and otherworldly tone of Douglass's thought during this period—something necessitated by the bleak real-world prospects for his cause.

The Civil War added a millennial and apocalyptic tone to Douglass's advocacy. Douglass saw the war as a final struggle between American good—freedom and equality for all—and American evil—slavery and racial oppression. To Douglass, the war was a purification of the American polity. Blacks were to be full partners in this process, preferably as soldiers in the Union army. To that end, Douglass spent the Civil War traveling through free black communities recruiting and advocating unconditional black support for the war.

The Emancipation Proclamation and the victorious end to the war confirmed Douglass's faith in his cause. He then advocated the complete recognition of the civil and political rights of the freedmen. Consequently, he allied with the radical Republicans and later became a Republican party functionary, holding down various political appointments. Douglass continued to speak out against racism, especially during its resurgence in the 1880s and 1890s. Most importantly, he resisted any and all efforts to diminish the Civil War as an experience that cleansed the nation of slavery and pointed the way to racial justice and equality.

Blight details this evolution of Douglass's thought. Quoting copiously from Douglass's writings and speeches, he leads the reader on an odyssey through Douglass's mind during one of the most decisive times in American history. He ably points out some of the inconsistencies in Douglass's ideology, especially his momentary toying with emigration as a solution to the problems of blacks in America, his support for a Union army that discriminated against black soldiers, his advocacy of laissez-faire economic policies in contrast to his calls for Federal intervention to protect the political rights of the freedmen, and his unswerving support for the Republican party even after it abandoned the black cause. Blight also points out Douglass's struggle to reconcile the "white" and "black" sides of his personality and explains how this duality resulted in some of the ideological inconsistencies. Still, the belief in America's ultimately fulfilling its unique destiny to ensure freedom, equality, and justice for all, according to Blight, is the common thread linking all of Douglass's thought during the period before, during, and after the Civil War.

Blight's book is a carefully researched, densely written account of the viewpoint of one of the nation's greatest moral, political, and intellectual leaders of the nation's greatest conflict, the Civil War. It closely follows the twists and turns in Douglass's advocacy and explores the dilemmas of an educated ex-slave, an advocate of a cause that nearly always had problematic support, and a spokesperson for a people, ignored when not despised, within their own country. From Blight's account of Douglass one can apprehend the contradictions of nineteenth-century black life. *Frederick Douglass' Civil War* is an invaluable addition to the intellectual history of nineteenth-century America, the Civil War, and Afro-Americans. As such it should be read by all interested in those topics.

HAYWARD FARRAR
University of Maryland, Eastern Shore

Sparrows Point: Making Steel—The Rise and Ruin of American Industrial Might. By Mark Reutter. (New York: Summit Books, 1988. Pp. 494. Notes, index. $24.95.)

Despite the fact that the Bethlehem Steel plant at Sparrows Point was Maryland's largest employer for most of the twentieth century, there has been a surprising dearth of historical research about this major social, economic, and industrial center. If for no other reason than this we should be grateful to Mark Reutter for his valuable contribution to Maryland history. Happily there is much more about his fine book to celebrate.

Reutter's interest in "The Point" began in 1978 when, as a reporter for the Baltimore *Sun*, he investigated a series of fatal accidents and discovered that a generally ailing physical plant was to blame in many of the cases. The book he produced ten years later has the energy and eye for controversy of good journalism but is also a superbly documented history of one of the country's largest steel mills.

To reconstruct the founding of the Sparrows Point mill, Reutter used the papers of Frederick Wood, the engineer who designed the $7 million physical plant located on a peninsula that juts out into the Baltimore harbor. It was Wood's brother, Rufus, who oversaw the development of the company town at Sparrows Point, one of many turn-of-the-century planned industrial communities and referred to by the Department of Labor as "the Pullman of the East." Baltimore's Cardinal Gibbons blessed the new steelmaking enterprise in 1890 with his prophecy that it would "bring joy to the laborer by building comfortable homes, and paying them good wages" (p. 19).

From these idealistic beginnings, Reutter traces the evolution of the mill and explores the full panorama of Bethlehem activities from negotiations for markets and raw materials to corporate maneuvers for executive bonuses and take-overs of other steel companies. What will make this book come alive for historians and lay readers alike is the detail that Reutter employs in his portrayal of the principals in the Bethlehem story, from steel mogul Charles Schwab to the women and men who worked in the mill. Bethlehem Steel workers claim that the mill is a microcosm of

the larger society, and *Sparrows Point* reveals this by avoiding tiresome stereotypes and introducing us instead to people like Charlie Parrish, who fought to become the first black millwright at the Point four years before *Brown v. Board of Education*, and Marian Wilson, a tin flopper and the leader of a campaign in the 1950s to reject the conventions of gender in the mill that dictated uniforms for the ladies.

Reutter's use of oral histories to document the experiences of many different kinds of steelworkers sets a standard for other historians of Maryland institutions. With similar proficiency his account of a local industry places the story of American steelmaking firmly within the context of a larger national history of Latin American diplomacy, two world wars, and the Depression and New Deal. In addition, Reutter unflinchingly reveals the complicity of Maryland's political and academic luminaries in advancing the interests of Bethlehem Steel at the expense of workers, taxpayers, and the environment of the area.

As a conclusive analysis of the decline of the steel industry, *Sparrows Point* is limited, of course, by its focus on the history of one steel mill and by the absence of the kind of examination of international economic policies that Paul Tiffany provides in *The Decline of American Steel* (N.Y.: Oxford University Press, 1988). Like a good historian, Reutter traces the contemporary problems at Bethlehem Steel back to the origins of a company guided by the principles of an arrogant and complacent management. And rightly so, but this tack avoids a rigorous analysis of the role of the union in the labor-management negotiations of the 1970s and 1980s. Because Reutter's instinct for the role of the idiosyncratic individual within large institutions is so fine, one wishes he had turned those talents to a more fully developed critique of the United Steelworkers of America.

It is our good fortune that *Sparrows Point* will soon be published in a paperback edition. It is an exceptionally fine example of the best sort of history: thorough, lively, carefully documented, and with a breadth and depth of scope that will excite readers about the possibilities for further historical research in Maryland.

KAREN OLSON
Dundalk Community College

The Eastern Shore Baseball League. By William W. Mowbray. Centreville, Maryland: Tidewater Publishers, 1989. Pp. xii, 196. Index. $19.95.)

Sports history is the most democratic of historical enterprises. Driven by a nostalgic love of a specific sport, avid fans can choose to be weekend historians—gathering statistics, player lists, anecdotes, lore and trivia. Should they sit down to write of their findings, these weekend historians can do so without thoughts of theory, social, cultural, or economic history. Freed from the ruling hand of a thesis statement, their works become happy mixtures of hard data and soft legend. But make no mistake, these laymen are invaluable to the craft of sports history. By casting light down darkened alleys, they often draw the attention of professional

historians to hitherto ignored possibilities. It was, for example, weekend historians who first tried to capture the histories of boxing, and football, the Negro League, major and minor baseball, as well as other activities.

William W. Mowbray is a weekend historian, and his book *The Eastern Shore Baseball League* is the product of his passion for the game. Having grown up on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, Mowbray had the good luck to cheer the players and teams of which he would one day write. His devotion to the Eastern Shore League and its players did not end with the league's collapse in 1949. During his career as a newspaperman—particularly a sports editor—Mowbray collected the scattered facts and lore of the Eastern Shore League. This book was twenty years in the making.

The quiet purpose of Mowbray's work is to preserve the story of this Class D minor league. In baseball, however, there is but one standard by which players are ultimately judged: the major leagues. Consequently, Mowbray relates the history of the Eastern Shore League by focusing on those players who achieved this pinnacle of professional baseball. Pride in the region, however, compels Mowbray to detail the careers of Delmarva natives who played in the majors, regardless of the fact that many of these players were born long after the demise of the Eastern Shore League.

As with the work of most weekend historians, Mowbray's objectives are easily met. He gives us a history of the league; we learn of the players who made it to the majors. Controversy is neatly avoided, for no conclusions are reached. *The Eastern Shore Baseball League* is comprised of four, distinct parts: (1) an outline of the league's sporadic history—1922-1927, 1937-1941, 1946-1949; (2) year-by-year statistics of individual players; (3) a biographical section, giving "baseball-card" information on over 130 players, managers, et al.; (4) year-by-year league statistics.

Mowbray's obvious enthusiasm for both baseball and the Delmarva region are amply evident in this work. Regrettably, this sense of excitement often overwhelms his narrative, pushing Mowbray to the cute or silly. For example:

> "And Congress approved a law making all Indians (including Cleveland?) citizens of the United States" (p. 22).

> "Delmarva had boasted of a mere 1,000 birds (chickens) when the ESL was formed in 1922, but by the time the league met its final demise in 1949 there were 135 million, or one-fourth the total in the entire United States" (p. 53).

Intended for a general readership, Mowbray's work will best satisfy the desire of the ardent baseball fan seeking information on yet another scene of the game's early history.

For the professional scholar, Mowbray's work is a maddening invitation to study further this Class D minor league. Written without footnotes or bibliography, *The Eastern Shore Baseball League* inadvertently raises intriguing questions about the role of baseball in the Delmarva area. Perhaps regional scholars will use the teams, or the ESL itself, as a paradigm for exploring questions of small-town culture, society,

or economics. *The Eastern Shore Baseball League* is a strong representative of the work of weekend historians. The door has now been opened for a deeper, more critical, and more historically informed study of this topic.

PETER M. OSTENBY
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Ratifying the Constitution. Edited by Michael Allen Gillespie and Michael Lienesch. (Lawrence: University of Kansas Press, 1989. Pp. 417, index. $19.95.)
Federalists and Antifederalists: The Debate Over the Ratification of the Constitution. Edited by John P. Kaminski and Richard Leffler. (Constitutional Heritage Series, Vol. 1. Madison, Wisc.: Madison House, 1989. Pp. 184, index. Cloth, $19.95; paper classroom reader, $9.95.)

If anything good can be said about our predilection for celebrating the anniversaries of historical events at fifty-year intervals it is that it gives us a chance, twice each century, to look at our past from a new perspective. This is particularly beneficial with those seminal events in our history that are inherently complex or boring or both.

The ongoing observance of the bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights is a case in point. Neither the Federal Bicentennial Commission, chaired by former Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, nor the state commissions, many of which have already folded, have been able to generate much popular enthusiasm for the commemoration. The hoopla to date has been largely staged and stilted. The populace has not been "turned on to the Constitution," and the prevailing sentiment remains that such a dull topic is best suited to academics.

And that is the bright spot with the celebration of the Constitution bicentennial. Until recently any effort to learn about the genesis of our framework of government, or to teach it effectively, was burdened by three factors. First, although the arguments of his most recent proponents and opponents have reached a high level of sophistication, most of the literature on the Constitution has remained indelibly framed in terms defined in 1913 by that champion of economic determinism, Charles A. Beard. Second, contemporary commentary on the Constitution and ratification debate giving a full and balanced view of all sides has not been available in a manageable, single-volume format. And third, the genesis of the Constitution and Bill of Rights has been too often portrayed as the product of Virginia and Virginians, most notably James Madison and George Mason.

But, recently, scholars in small but significantly increased numbers have taken the opportunity offered by the Constitution's milestone birthday to have a new look at that document and how it came about. The two volumes under consideration are fine examples of what can result, and more important, their utility as a source of information and stimulation will long outlast the bicentennial that prompted their creation.

The best that can be said for Kaminski and Leffler's *Federalists and Antifederalists* is that it is a straightforward, unpretentious book that answers a real

need. Divided into six sections, the editors have culled representative federalist and antifederalist views on the nature of republican government, the House of Representatives, the Senate, the presidency, the judiciary, and the Bill of Rights. The brief introduction and sparse editorial notes provide scant aid in understanding the issues involved, and that is as it should be. The virtue of this volume is in the careful selection of opposing viewpoints on six critical, clearly focused issues. The editors wisely let the federalists and antifederalists do the talking, but they amplify the voices by choosing essays or extracts that stick to the point. For example, the *Genuine Information* of Luther Martin, Maryland's brilliant attorney general and adamant antifederalist is tough going in its entirety, but here germane extracts appear with great effect in the sections on the House of Representatives, the Senate, and the President.

This book will be a boon for those who teach about the Constitution and Bill of Rights, but it should have a wider appeal as well. Anyone curious to explore the issues that shaped the founding of our nation will find here, in fewer than 200 pages, a fine sampling of contemporary thought that provides an excellent foundation for better understanding the Constitution-making process.

The best that can be said for Gillespie and Lienesch's *Ratifying the Constitution* is that of the thirteen chapters, only one is about Virginia. The other chapters, each written by a different scholar and allotted approximately the same number of pages in the finished book, explore the unique history and contributions of the other twelve states in the ratification process. The resulting essays are predictably uneven, but the overall effect is enlightening. As the editors note in their excellent introduction, the story of the Constitution's ratification emerges from this thirteen-state review not a bit clearer than before but a good deal more interesting. The neat Beardian symmetry of haves against have-nots and the easy explanations for federalist success and antifederalist failure give way to "multicausal" factors working in different combinations and with varied effect depending on the local circumstances in a given state. The federalist and antifederalist ideologies also take on more diversity and greater complexity. Examining the ratification process in all thirteen states, in short, leads to the conclusion that the Constitution provoked a "complicated debate in which interests impinged on all sides and in which there were well-meaning patriots in every camp" (p. 18).

The Maryland chapter is written by Peter S. Onuf, a Hopkins graduate who is on the history faculty at Southern Methodist University. The great puzzle about Maryland is why the state's conservative, entrenched political elite so readily accepted the Constitution. Surely here, if in any state, sharp scrutiny and probing questions should have greeted the proposed new framework of government, which provided for a mighty new central government, obligated the states to share sovereignty, and jeopardized fundamental liberties enshrined in Maryland's own state constitution. Instead, with no substantive debate, Maryland's ratification convention approved the Constitution 63 to 11.

Onuf sees Maryland's relatively small size and fixed borders as keys to understanding the state's reaction to the proposed Constitution. Under the Articles of

Confederation, where each state was guaranteed its independent sovereignty and had an equal voice in Congress, a state's size was largely irrelevant. The matter of western lands, on the other hand, was of vital concern to small states like Maryland with fixed western borders. States with large western land claims would eventually overwhelm the smaller states and, more important, they alone would benefit from the potential wealth that would be created by westward expansion. As a result, Maryland adamantly refused to ratify the Articles until the states with western land claims agreed to cede this territory to the general government for the future benefit of all.

Maryland's lead in the fight for western land cessions helped transform the way the state's political leaders thought about equality among the states. Increasingly, Marylanders looked to the central government not only to protect them from the large states, but also to guarantee a measure of economic equality for the state's citizens. If a central government was vital to protecting the interests of small states, then the stronger the central government the more secure the small states would be. As a result, when Marylanders read the proposed Constitution, which provided for a strong national government to replace the relatively weak and ineffective government under the Articles, there was no question in the minds of most political leaders which way to vote. By ratifying the Constitution, Marylanders expected to get the best of both worlds. They could, in Onuf's words, "continue to enjoy the benefits of republican government while participating equally in the vast project of developing the continent" (p. 194).

The virtue of Onuf's argument is its simplicity; the problem is that there is not much evidence to back it up. Onuf suggests that Marylanders were motivated by a kind of enlightened economic determinism, an altruistic concern for the prosperity of generations to come. If such a transformation in thinking did occur, Maryland's political leaders seem not to have discussed it very frequently or openly. Furthermore, it is hard to understand why William Paca and Samuel Chase, those pillars of the Revolutionary generation, would break with their brethren of the political elite to lead the antifederalist fight in the ratification convention for the addition of a bill of rights.

Onuf may be right. Something certainly had happened to change the way most Maryland political leaders thought about their state and its relationship with the union. Perhaps it was an enlightened vision of a prosperous and expanding nation nurturing the hopes and aspirations of generations of Marylanders yet unborn. Or perhaps the years of warfare, the enormous state debt and high taxes, and frustrations with the weak and ineffectual central government under the Articles had simply turned pre-war political visionaries into post-war pragmatists who, at least in the short term, were willing to try almost anything that promised change.

Onuf's essay is as provocative as any in the volume, and he represents the state well in this collection of essays. But the real value of the book lies not in the merit of any individual essay, but in the compilation as a whole. Encompassing the various actors and diverse actions of all thirteen states, this book can be the starting point

for a stimulating and productive examination of the interrelationship of personalities, places, and ideas in the ratification process.

GREGORY A. STIVERSON
Maryland State Archives

The Washington Iron Works of Franklin County, Virginia, 1773-1850. By John S. Salmon. (Richmond: Virginia State Library, 1986. Pp. x, 86. Photographs, maps, illustrations, glossary, notes, index. $25.)

The industrial history of the Old South remains fertile ground for scholars willing to dig deeply into manuscript sources. The slender volume under review here, handsomely produced and richly illustrated, demonstrates what can be done when an historian draws a bead on a single installation and sets out to learn all he can about it. John S. Salmon obviously was more than willing to dirty his hands in the archives, and the result is a book that adds significantly to our knowledge of iron making in antebellum Virginia.

The Washington Iron Works, which operated in Franklin County, Virginia, from the late eighteenth until the mid-nineteenth century, was typical of the slave-manned, charcoal-fired blast furnaces and tilt-hammer forges that dotted upland areas of the South during this era. The pig and bar iron they produced was enormously important to the surrounding agricultural and commercial economy, and these works frequently earned handsome returns for those entrepreneurs who were able to capitalize on the local monopoly which many of these installations initially enjoyed. This early prosperity gave way to slow but steady decline, however, as improved transportation allowed less expensive northern iron to penetrate these heretofore protected local markets. Southern ironmasters never fully recovered from the economic havoc that sent iron prices plunging during the Panic of 1837, and on the eve of the Civil War iron making in the South (except for a handful of major producers like Richmond's sprawling Tredegar Iron Works) was a dying industry. The fortunes of the Washington Iron Works rose and fell in just this pattern. Indeed the flood which fatally damaged the blast furnace in 1850 must have seemed to the owners like the final providential fist in a long series of blows which battered their enterprise in the last thirteen years of its existence.

Salmon has managed to reconstruct most of the vital details of this story. He traces the changing pattern of ownership—from the first gentlemanly Virginia businessman involved in building the works to the hard-driving nineteenth-century entrepreneurial types, Peter Saunders and his kin, who saw the furnace and forge through to their last days. He discusses in detail the various phases of the operation, and the intricacies of charcoal iron manufacturing become clear thanks to his careful descriptions and well-chosen illustrations. And he points to the heavy reliance on slave labor to man the works, a pattern all too common across the antebellum southern iron industry.

The Saunders' labor force at the Washington Iron Works differed from that of most southern ironmasters in one critical detail, however: the family *owned* all of

their black ironworkers—as many as eighty-three on the eve of the Panic of 1837—and thus did not have to enter the annual hiring market for a substantial portion of their slave laborers. The story of the slaves at this Franklin County industrial site would undoubtedly be a fascinating one, but the necessary sources do not seem to be there. Salmon has ably pieced together all the history of this enterprise that he could recover from land records, court suits, newspaper advertisements, oral tradition, and extant physical evidence. But it is a pity that an historian as careful and as judicious as he is did not have available to him the manuscript materials—the ironmasters' ledgers, journals, overwork accounts, and production diaries—that would allow him to chronicle the lives of the black men and women who labored there. As a result, we know much less than we would like to know about the slave workers whose talent and strength did so much to sustain production at the Washington Iron Works during the course of almost eight decades.

CHARLES B. DEW
Carter G. Woodson Institute for Afro-American and African Studies
University of Virginia

Plain Folk in the New South: Social Change and Cultural Persistence, 1880-1915. By I. A. Newby. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1989. Pp. xiv, 569. Appendix, index. $35.)

This book deals mainly with cotton mill workers in the Carolinas and Georgia in what author I. A. Newby calls the New South Era, 1880-1915. He relies primarily upon oral histories, letters written to South Carolina governor Cole Blease, hearings, and reports. It is tempting, given the book's length, to charge that Newby exhausted these sources, leaving nothing for future historians. He discovered that the voices of working people ring with authority and insight and amplify the historical record. The book would have been more effective, however, had Newby more sparingly employed quotations and sharpened his analysis. Some themes, such as child labor, for example, emerge in several contexts and seem redundant.

Newby listens carefully to the people, and by paying close attention to workers and their culture, his book joins that by Jacquelyn Dowd Hall, James Leloudis, Robert Korstad, Mary Murphy, Lu Ann Jones, and Christopher B. Daly, *Like a Family: The Making of a Southern Cotton Mill World*, in reinterpreting life and labor in the cotton mills. The history of mill workers has moved from regarding them as exploited victims to chronicling their complex and purposeful lives. Newby charges, correctly, that historians have generally ignored writing the history of plain white folk. Plain, as a description of these farmers and mill workers, seems inadequate, for they emerge as much more colorful than do the upper classes.

Again and again, Newby allows the voices of the people to speak and to explain their ways, and this prompts the reader to rethink such issues as child labor, education, racism, and unions. He begins with an analysis of sharecropping, and while discussing the routine of cotton farmers he largely ignores that of tobacco farmers who also lived in the area under discussion. Indeed, the section on farming

does not convey the complexity of agriculture in the Carolinas and Georgia nor how the cultivation of cotton, tobacco, and peanuts in many ways shaped the way people lived.

Once he begins discussion of cotton mill workers, however, Newby creates a clear sense of their culture, their world of work and leisure. He carries the reader through the decision to move, the transitional stages of moving from farms to the mills, and the adjustment to a new routine of life. The second part of the book deals with mill work, then village life, then culture, and finally class themes. He deals with child labor, "mill daddies" (who sat at home while their families worked), hours, festivals, floating workers (laborers who moved from mill to mill, much as did sharecroppers), work routine, health, violence, religion, paternalism, wages, women's work, courting, and racism. In some chapters, such as the one on paternalism, Newby's argument falters, and in several instances his chapters wind down to a quotation instead of a conclusion.

Newby offers evidence that reinterprets the position of preachers and mill owners and presents a more complex portrait than many previous historians. He also stresses the way mill people detested outside interference or intrusion into their lives. The concluding section on class enables the reader to better understand why southerners did not eagerly join unions, or why, during these years, there were so few incidents of militance.

For such a long book, the end came abruptly, without putting all the pieces together. The last several pages briefly discussed mill life after 1920, a time of significant adjustment and change. Given the enormous detail that preceded this postscript, it would have made the book more effective had Newby summed up his major themes and then projected the history into the post-1920 era. For the years 1880 to 1915, however, Newby's book offers an encyclopedic portrait of mill culture.

PETE DANIEL
National Museum of American History

Two Great Rebel Armies, An Essay in Confederate Military History. By Richard M. McMurry. (Chapel Hill and London: University of North Carolina Press, 1989. Pp. xvi, 155. Appendix, notes, index. $19.95.)

Much as boxing aficionados will argue the respective merits of fighters who never met one another in the ring, Civil War enthusiasts have always compared the various armies of the Union and Confederacy. While such comparisons usually provide a forum for opinions more than for facts, noted Civil War author Richard M. McMurry has written an exhaustive study of the two major Confederate armies, along with an explanation for their differences. As the author explains in the course of the book, most Confederate historiography has been centered on the Army of Northern Virginia, and on the exaltation of General Robert E. Lee. Meanwhile comparatively little has been written about the other Confederate armies, and even fewer studies compare the eastern and western armies. His is the first work to attempt to quantify

and provide evidence for the remarkable success of the Army of Northern Virginia as compared to the Army of Tennessee. Along the way McMurry examines such factors as the leadership of the respective armies and the cultural climate in which they existed.

In his introduction McMurry explains that his motives for writing the essay stem from an attempt to write a history of the 1864 Atlanta campaign. In trying to summarize how the Army of Tennessee had evolved up to that point in the war, McMurry became intrigued with the poor record of the Confederacy's western armies. He has written this essay to contrast that army's situation with Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. McMurry describes this book as "a philosophical and historiographical introduction to a larger work that is yet to come" (p. xiii).

The Army of Tennessee does not fare well in these comparisons. Although McMurry covers a myriad of factors that affected both armies, the Army of Northern Virginia is rated superior in every instance. Many partisan critics will likely take issue with his findings, but the author has made his case well and presents it in a convincing manner. Opponents of McMurry's conclusion will face a difficult task documenting their arguments as well as this book has done.

Not only is *Two Great Rebel Armies* a well researched book, it is well written. McMurry writes in an entertaining and witty style that makes this essay a pleasure to read. Although it is a thought-provoking historical essay, the average reader will find it enjoyable and understandable. The footnotes that accompany the text are not burdensome, and the appendix illustrating the author's categorizing of Confederate generals is easy to understand. (It should be noted that the appendix does list the nine Confederate generals from Maryland, most of whom served in the Army of Northern Virginia.)

Two Great Rebel Armies is an excellent and easily read book that will serve as a starting point for many Civil War buffs to argue the relative merits of their favorite army. What is not arguable is that McMurry's engaging style and clear presentation make this book an enjoyable volume and one that any Civil War enthusiast should read.

TOM CLEMENS
Hagerstown Junior College

Black Labor in Richmond, 1865-1890. By Peter J. Rachleff. (1984; Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1989. Pp. xi, 249. Appendixes, notes, index. $10.95.)

Based on a 1981 dissertation that first appeared as *Black Labor in the South*, half of this book is about the white-led Knights of Labor and white-dominated local politics. The early chapters focus on the black community and are useful to genealogists. Only five titles published after 1977 were used, all but one in labor history, so the volume has been prematurely dated, given the extensive research that has appeared on Richmond since then.

This edition would have benefited from revision and careful editing, but the publishers reprinted the original complete with numerous typographical errors,

many of which were called to the attention of the first publisher by a 1984 reviewer. Factual mistakes also mar the text. Those on page 4 are typical. Richmond was not a larger port than New Orleans or Baltimore. Ironmaker Joseph R. Anderson hardly "typified" the city's entrepreneurs, nor was he the "manager" of the Tredegar Iron Works in 1860, having bought the entire plant in 1848. Definitions of bourgeoisie differ, but old line families like the Haxalls and Crenshaws were Richmond aristocrats. Such statements are all too common.

The author's knowledge of his sources is shown when he quotes John S. Wise on his "'social standing'" (p. 109) in 1884. The former VMI cadet, Confederate soldier, and maverick Readjuster turned Republican had none, like Longstreet and Mosby. In 1885 Rachleff places gubernatorial candidate Fitzhugh Lee on his uncle's "aging but well-known horse" (p. 141). However apt the symbolism, Traveller's skeleton was exhibited after his death in 1871, and Fitz rode another mount, unless enterprising Washington and Lee students managed to resurrect and reunite equine bone and flesh.

This book could be about the workers of almost any medium-sized city that had a significant black population. It is not southern history but the narrowly focused "new" labor history, by a "workey" who used union scrapbooks, the manuscript census, and records from a black church and the local branch of the Freedman's Savings Bank. There is scant use of Freedmen's Bureau Papers, and other sources on local history are ignored.

Rachleff argues that "Infused with a class consciousness rooted in race pride, black workers organized themselves through the Knights of Labor and reached across the color line to white labor" (p. 12). He fails to prove his thesis because he so often makes such assertions as "Each [black] family's quest for self-improvement . . . could not be separated from the struggle for the improvement of black Richmond as a whole", which he deduces from "the rapidly spreading network of secret societies [that] tied families together throughout the city" (p. 34). He argues strongly for black unity and solidarity, calling them "remarkably cohesive" (p. 13) after Emancipation; but his evidence indicates a community divided by factions and growing distance between the black lower and middle class. Conclusions about the value of black political appointees and the complex significance of Jackson ward are questionable. The term "ghetto" (pp. 17, 193) for the gerrymandered but racially mixed district is inaccurate, in both the original and modern sense.

The last half of the book covers the Knights of Labor, who had almost 1,000 city members in January 1885, peaked at a claimed 12,000 in March 1886, and shrunk to less than 14,000 by January 1888, a record resembling a religious cult's more than a significant labor movement. What percentage of the city's total labor force, black or white, joined, however briefly, is hard to judge because Rachleff relies on census figures without racial totals. He uses the phrase "movement culture" (pp. 124, 150, 157) but never defines it; and there was not one culture, but clearly two: black, and white. A reform ticket supported by the workers captured the city council in 1886, but electoral victory ended in disaster, when their bickering was exploited

by white Democrats and Republicans, described as "political vultures" (pp. 158, 163) and "demagogues" (p. 201).

A bizarre blip in Richmond's history, Rachleff argues that the Knights showed that "black and white workers could act together and . . . a working-class reform movement could challenge the status quo" (p. 201). Labor leaders cooperated briefly, and some black and white workers had a tense and suspicious alliance, but their movement, so easily thwarted by their enemies, hardly posed a threat to the gentlemen in Richmond's clubs. With the collapse of the Knights, "the color line remained where it had been . . . where it remains today" (p. 199), a statement applicable to other parts of the country one suspects. Virginia's gubernatorial election will provide an update.

MICHAEL B. CHESSON
University of Massachusetts, Boston

Afro-American Women of the South and the Advancement of the Race 1895-1925. By Cynthia Neverdon-Morton. (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1989. Pp. 272. Tables, notes, index. $34.95.)

It is ironic that at a time when black and feminist studies have become major growth industries in the field of contemporary historical scholarship so little work has been done on Afro-American women. This new work by Professor Neverdon-Morton seeks to correct this deficiency, and hers is an important pioneering study of black women in the South in the years 1895-1925.

The task confronting black women in the South at this time, as they labored to build schools, educate the first generations of free blacks, operate orphanages and provide community services, was doubly difficult. In the hostile environment of the post-emancipation South they had to carry the twin burdens of race and sex. As Neverdon-Morton observes, black women "had to bear in mind their own humiliations and the painful powerlessness of black men under racial oppression."

Black women constituted the majority of Afro-American college graduates in the South in these years, and they came largely out of schools like Hampton, Fisk, Spelman Seminary, and Morgan State College. Further, these women entered the nursing and missionary professions and helped to establish the first rural extension programs for black farm women in the South. While Afro-American women had to work within the "Tuskegee consensus" of industrial training and racial uplift, they were able to establish schools where none existed. The nursing programs that these determined women operated at Meharry Medical College and Hampton Institute offered the most effective training available for black females in the country.

Afro-American women encountered their share of problems with white women who were teaching in black institutions at this time. As Neverdon-Morton puts it, "white females were not always the best role models for young black females. Many of the whites saw themselves as missionaries and exhibited the negative characteristics associated with that group."

While educated black and white women could work together in the fields of public health and education, there was little bi-racial cooperation in the suffrage, temperance, and YMCA movements of the South. Black women's efforts to enlist the support of white women in these endeavors met with bitter disappointment.

Professor Neverdon-Morton offers a detailed examination of the contributions of black women in building social welfare and educational institutions for Afro-Americans in Baltimore and other southern cities. Often they labored unknown and unheralded. As one white woman noted at the Council for Interracial Cooperation in 1920: "I saw these colored women, graduates of great institutions of learning. I saw lawyers, doctors, poets, sculptors and painters. I saw women of education, culture and refinement. I had lived in the South all my life, but didn't know that these lived in the land."

Professor Neverdon-Morton has analyzed an exhaustive amount of primary research material. No doubt in the future we will learn a great deal more about the South's Afro-American women from Neverdon-Morton and the scholars who follow her.

JOHN R. WENNERSTEN
University of Maryland, Eastern Shore

Beyond the Beachhead: The 29th Infantry Division in Normandy. By Joseph Balkoski. (Harrisburg, Pa.: Stackpole Books, 1988. Pp. xvi, 304. Preface, maps, illustrations, appendix, references, bibliography, index. $19.95.)

As we near the fiftieth anniversary of America's participation in World War II, our ideas about that great conflict grow increasingly romanticized. We have become accustomed to referring to "the last good war," and most of us conjure up mental images of smiling GIs effortlessly liberating picturesque villages amidst the cheers of a grateful populace. The reality of infantry combat, as Joseph Balkoski reminds us in this fine study of the 29th Division in Normandy, was different. The Blue and Gray Division, comprised of National Guard units from Maryland and Virginia, came ashore at Omaha Beach on D-Day and fought its way through the difficult Norman hedgerows to capture the key French city of St. Lô. The cost was staggering: 2,000 men killed, 6,000 wounded. By the time the fighting in Europe ended, the division—whose authorized strength was 14,281 men—had incurred 20,000 combat casualties. In March of 1945 only half of the 115th Regiment's companies still contained any men who had hit the beaches on 6 June 1944. Depicting the carnage in human terms, Balkoski helps us to remember that each of the men killed was more than a faceless statistic.

This is a book of many strengths. It is, to begin with, very well written. Using clear and simple language, Balkoski is at his prosaic best when he describes the dramatic D-Day landings. Thirty well-placed and easily understood maps help readers follow the path the 29ers took as they fought their way through Normandy. An adequate number of photographs, charts, and tables convey information effectively. The author wisely begins his story with a concise account of the division's

origins and organization, and he devotes another chapter to a description of the 29ers' rigorous training in England. In these chapters and in those that follow he vividly describes the division's colorful commander, Major General Charles H. Gerhardt, whose energetic and driving leadership seems at least partly responsible for the division's successes. The author also recounts, in a matter-of-fact way, the heroism of Brigadier General Norman D. Cota, the assistant division commander whose actions and example did so much to save the Blue and Gray from destruction at Omaha Beach.

The strongest sections of the book are those in which Balkoski compares the 29ers to their opposite numbers—the dedicated and disciplined Hanoverian troops of the German 352nd Division. American infantrymen quickly noticed that their German counterparts at the squad and platoon level were able to employ far more firepower, largely because of their use of superior automatic weapons. The German machine gun, the famous MG 42, was lighter than the American equivalent, had a higher rate of fire, and was distributed far more lavishly among the various fighting units of the 352nd Division. As Balkoski notes: "A German engineering battalion had more than twice as many machine guns as a US Army rifle battalion" (pp. 99-100). The Americans did have a definite advantage, however, in that their opponents were dependent upon horse-drawn transportation and were consequently far less mobile than the 29ers.

This, then, is a graphic and well balanced account of infantry combat. Balkoski deftly and succinctly handles such topics as strategy, tactics, and weaponry. He wisely avoids the controversy over whether the Allied high command deliberately failed to tell the 29th Division that the Germans had reinforced Omaha Beach before D-Day. Integrating unit histories, after-action reports, secondary sources, and personal recollections, Balkoski makes excellent use of all the available sources. His efforts have resulted in a well-researched, accurate, and thoroughly readable history of one of the Army's finest fighting divisions.

DAUN VAN EE
Dwight D. Eisenhower Papers
Johns Hopkins University

Books Received

The Maryland Historical Society's premier collection, the Calvert Papers, finally has the guide it deserves, *The Calvert Papers: Calendar and Guide to the Microfilm Edition*. Donna M. Ellis and Karen A. Stuart have produced an informative introduction to this rich collection as well as a useful guide to locating documents on the microfilm copy of the papers. Ellis and Stuart have annotated each document in the collection, often supplying a missing date or correcting errors in the earlier two guides to the papers. This level of detail in the printed guide will help researchers locate and interpret more quickly the documents they need. Those searching for a document by its item number will find a handy conversion chart showing on which reel it is located. There is also a name index to the guide.

Maryland Historical Society, $17.95

The fourth surviving son in a prominent Kentish family, Henry Fleete embarked for Virginia in 1621, while still a minor. Soon after landing he took part in an ill-fated expedition to trade with the Anacostan Indians. The natives killed the group's leader, drove off most of the party, and held Fleete captive for five years. Ransomed, Fleete used his knowledge of the Indians to good advantage in the fur trade—and in aiding the first Maryland settlers to negotiate a suitable site for a first home. Virginians thought him a turncoat for accepting a large land grant from Cecil Calvert; Marylanders later deemed him too friendly with William Claiborne, the renegade of Kent Island. Fleete ended his years of trading and diplomacy in Lancaster County, Virginia. Now a descendant, Betsy Fleet, has published *Henry Fleete: Pioneer, Explorer, Trader, Planter, Legislator, Justice, & Peacemaker*, a highly readable account of this talented and versatile early-Chesapeake figure. Making heavy use of primary sources, she appends a journal Fleete kept of his 1631 return voyage to Virginia and Thomas Young's letter of July 1634 (published in Hall's *Narratives of Early Maryland*) on relations between Maryland and Virginia.

Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, $17.95

Roland C. McConnell, emeritus professor of history at Morgan State University, has been enjoying his retirement working on *A History of the Trinity Presbyterian Church Through the Years 1959-1989*, a thirtieth-anniversary present to the parish, located on Walbrook Avenue in West Baltimore. Professor McConnell "traces the development of the church through its leadership, members and organizations whose activities collectively anabled Trinity to become and remain a viable instrument of God."

Trinity Presbyterian Church, $5.00

Notices

Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage

The 1990 Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage, sponsored in part by the Maryland Historical Society, will begin on 21 April with a tour in Caroline County. Subsequent tours will be conducted on 22 April in Queen Anne's County; 28 April in Calvert County; 29 April in Anne Arundel County; 4 May at My Lady's Manor, Baltimore and Harford Counties; 5 May in Talbot County; and 6 May at Mount Washington and Baltimore City. All proceeds from the tours go toward preservation and restoration of historic structures, gardens and landmarks of Maryland. For further information and brochures please contact the Maryland House and Garden Pilgrimage, 1105-A Providence Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21204, 301/821-6933.

Second Southern Conference on Women's History

The Southern Association for Women Historians invites proposals for its second conference to be held 7-8 June 1991 at the Duke-UNC-Chapel Hill Center for Research on Women. Each proposal should include a two- to three-page synopsis and a brief curriculum vitae for each participant. Although the conference is regionally based, proposals from all parts of the country are welcome. The deadline is 1 June 1990. Proposals should be submitted to Sally McMillen, Department of History, Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina 28036, 704/892-2271.

Wildfowl Carving

The 20th Annual Ward World Championship Wildfowl Carving Competition will be held 27-29 April at the Ocean City Convention Center in Ocean City, Maryland. Carvers from around the world compete for prizes totaling more than $75,000. Levels of competition include world, open, intermediate, novice, youth and shootin' stool. On Sunday the bird carvings donated by the entrants will be auctioned. Admission is charged for adults. Telephone Jane Rollins, Events Coordinator, 800/742-4988.

24th Annual Georgia Archives Institute

Designed for beginning archivists, librarians, and manuscript curators, the 24th annual Georgia Archives Institute will offer general instruction in basic concepts and practices of archival administration and management of traditional and modern documentary materials 11-22 June 1990. The two-week program will feature lectures, demonstrations, a supervised practicum, and field trips to local archives. Tuition is $400. Deadline for receipt of application and resume is 1 April 1990.

Write Dr. Patrice McDermott, School of Library and Informaton Studies, Atlanta University, Atlanta, Georgia 30314.

GOWEN RESEARCH FOUNDATION

Gowen Research Foundation was organized recently through a grant from Miller A. Gowen of Geneva, Switzerland. World genealogists are invited to pool their research on the family, whose name appears in various spellings: "Gawan, Goan, Goen, Goin, Goines, Going, Govan, Goven, Gowan, Gowen, Gowin, Gowine, Gowing, Goun, Gouwen, Goyen, Goyn, Goyne, and Guynes." Address inquiries to Gowen Research Foundation, 5708 Gary Avenue, Lubbock, Texas 79413, 806/795-8758 or 806/795-9694.

PHILADELPHIA OPEN HOUSE 1990

Friends of Independence National Historical Park will sponsor Philadelphia Open House 1990 as part of the 12th annual House and Garden Tours. Thirty-eight tours in thirty different neighborhoods will cover gardening and horticulture, preservation, restoration, art and architecture, history, religion, antiques, the sea, crafts, and interior design and are scheduled from 26 April through 13 May 1990. Many tours include lunches, candlelight dinners, high teas, and box breakfasts. Contact the Friends of Independence National Historical Park, 313 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106, 215/928-1188.

QUERY *RE* BALTIMORE MEN AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

Among the twenty-one American seamen who served aboard *Victory* at Trafalgar were two ordinary seamen from Baltimore, William King and Jonathan Lewis. Both men joined *Victory* on 11 May 1803 from the ex-Dutch battleship *Utrecht*. Both returned to England with Nelson's *Victory*, and in January 1806, after Nelson's funeral, they were transhipped to Collingwood's flagship, *Ocean*. Both men later received their share of the English Government Grant for the French and Spanish ships that sank after the action. They were still serving in 1807, when they got the prize money for the few surviving captured ships. Send information about these men to David Ellison, 41 High Street, Orwell, Royston, Herts SG8 5QN, England.

CORRECTION

In "John McDowell, Federalist: President of St. John's College," published in the fall issue of the magazine, the portraits on page 246 have been transposed. William Tilghman is on the left and John McDowell on the right.

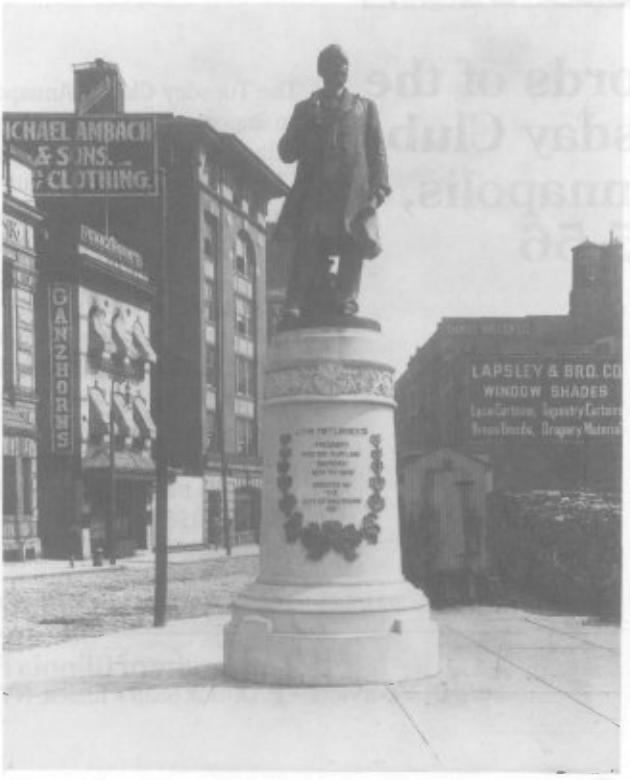
Maryland Picture Puzzle

Test your knowledge of Maryland history by identifying this statue and its location at the time of the photograph. When was this picture taken, and is the monument still standing today?

The winter 1989 Picture Puzzle depicted the west side of the 1200 block of North Charles Street in 1892. The facades are relatively unchanged although some residences are today used for commercial purposes. Trees now line the sidewalk, and the trolley tracks have been removed.

The following persons correctly identified the fall 1989 Picture Puzzle: Mr. August A. Nelson, Ms. Dolores Soul, Mr. L. Melvin Roberts, Mr. Albert L. Morris, Mr. Harry S. Scott, Mr. Wayne R. Schaumburg, Dr. J. A. M. Lettre, Mrs. C. Edward Sparrow, Jr., Mr. John Riggs Orrick, Mrs. Francis C. Lang, Mr. Howard E. Elliott, Jr., Mr. George H. Sack, Jr., Mr. George W. Rokos, Mr. Carlos P. Avery, Mrs. Mitchell L. Gerber, Mr. Barry Cheslock, Mr. Paul Willem Wirtz, Mr. John Scott, Jr., Mr. Jack F. Wroten, Mrs. Kenneth C. Proctor, Dr. and Mrs. Emil Kfoury, Mr. James T. Wollon, Jr., Ms. Ann Callan, Ms. Laura Anne Mumford, and Mr. J. Raymond Moore, Jr.

Please send your response to the Prints and Photographs Division, Maryland Historical Society, 201 West Monument Street, Baltimore, Maryland, 21201.



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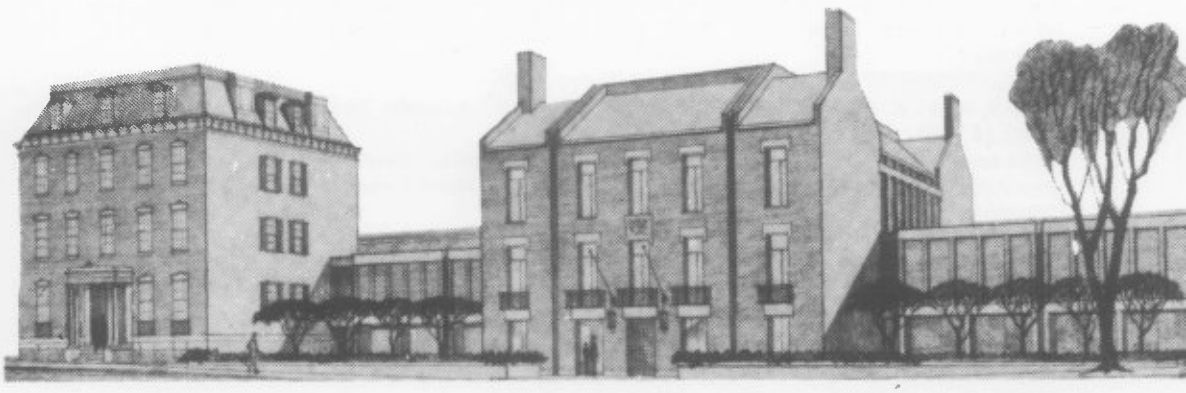

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